National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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AARON M POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Thirty-fifth Anniversary meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held on Wednesday of last week, at Steinway Hall, commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock in the morning. The usual anniversary weather characterized the day, and had the effect to thin the audience somewhat; but still a goodly number were in attendance, nearly filling the body of the hall, among whom were many of the old and tried soldiers in the Anti-Slavery warfare, who took up this cross in the dark and perilous hour, when to plead for the black man was to court at least reproach and insult, if not outrage and even death itself. On the platform, among others, were WENDELL PHILLIPS, REV. JOHN T. SARGENT, of Boston, HENRY C. WRIGHT, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, ROBERT PURVIS, of Philadelphia, COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, AARON M. POWELL, MARY GREW, LUCY STONE, DR. E. D. HUDSON and EDWARD M. DAVIS.

As a fitting prelude to the meeting, the audience were gratified by some inspiring music from the organ, under the skillful touch of Mr. SIGISMOND LASOR.

The chair was occupied by the President of the Society, WENDELL PHILLIPS Esq., who, on calling the meeting to order, briefly addressed the audience.

OPENING REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We are assembled as the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and certainly, with the events ripening around us, there could not be a more decisive week in which any organization, designed for the protection or the aid of the black race, could assemble. Hanging in the balance, pendant on political issues to-day, is the comfort, if not the actual rights, of the negro, for the next ten or twelve years. We are passing through that hour which, in all human probability, is to give color, complexion, to the political phase of the next one or two administrations. If the cowardice of party, if the scruples of individuals, if the interest in other questions, if the absorbing corruption of the great Presidential canvass, turn aside the present movement, no man can prophesy where we shall stand another twelve months—how large will be the effect on public confidence, on the dominant party, on the status of the great questions which the war seems to have decided. We are bound to remember that, triumphant as the loyal masses seem, there are five millions of unappeased and unappeasable enemies, watching the nation's course, determined to take advantage, with vigilant malice, of every opportunity to recover "the lost cause." We have always said on this platform that it would be a marvel in history if one revolution, one decisive battle like that of the last five years, decided finally the relation of the great races on this continent. If the issue is as happy as that, if, when we next meet together, and four years hence, all that has been gained by the war is safe, it will be a record unparalled in human history; it will be a tribute to the promptness, the energy and the virtue of Democratic government, such as no epoch in any clime can show. We can hardly hope for it; we have no right to expect it. Only by the most arduous toil and the most tireless vigilance can we expect to save even a large portion of what the war seems to have gained. How large that portion will be, this week, the coming thirty days are to determine, and it seems to me that at no moment, did Abolitionists—watchmen on the advanced towers, endeavoring to guarantee beyond a doubt the position of the black race on this continent—at no moment did we ever meet more vital to our question than to-day. I congratulate you, however, that whether Presidents betray us, or Senates fail of their duty, no thoughtful man can doubt the progress of the popular purpose. The great nation is sound at the core (applause), and before this moral epoch is finished, the American people will decree justice, and incorporate it into their constitutional law. God has set this nation on the great track of inexorable justice. We are in the hands of laws infinitely more inexorable than the Republican party, and I have full faith to believe that in our day, we shall see a flag floating from the lakes to the gulf, and from one ocean to the other, that represents impartial justice to every race and to all colors. (Applause).

In accordance with our usual custom, an opportunity will now be given to offer prayer, if any individual is moved to avail himself of it.

Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT came forward, and in a few earnest words implored the Divine guidance and benediction.

At the conclusion of the prayer, an abstract of the Treasurer's report was read by AARON M. POWELL, as follows:

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Amount received from May 1, 1867 to May 1, 1868, from subscriptions to STANDARD, and

Donations	$6,492.76
From the Ladies' Subscription Festival, Boston	2,421.50
From Philadelphia Festival	850.00
From Philadelphia Female A. S. Society	150.00
From Pledges paid	756.16
Legacy	300.00
Agencies	300.00
From balance from old account	1,410.62
Total	$12,681.04

Amount expended for publication of STANDARD and office expenses in New York $11.381,18

Balance to new account $1,299.86

Mr. POWELL then said: Absent from this gathering this morning are two familiar faces—the faces of venerable and beloved coadjutors in many years of hard work in the past. One of these faces (JAMES MOTT, of Philadelphia), we shall never again see here or anywhere in the works of this sphere of life. From the other friend, I hold in my hand a brief note, which I will read to you:

LETTER FROM LUCRETIA MOTT.

To the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society to be held on the 13th inst:

It is with great regret I am denied the privilege of mingling with my dear friends at this time.

The important reasons for continuing our duties as an organization, still press upon us; while the signs of the times, in the political world, added to the unwearied labors for the education of the freedmen, lead to the hope that success is at hand. I enclose twenty dollars.

Yours, for perseverance, LUCRETIA MOTT.

I hold in my hand another letter addressed to the meeting, which I will read at this time. This, also, is from one whose name and countenance have been familiar to many of you through the long period of the conflict for the overthrow of slavery. I will name to you the writer in advance: LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

LETTER FROM L. MARIA CHILD.

DEAR ANTI-SLAVERY FRIENDS:

As the annual Anniversary approaches, I think of you with feelings of thankfulness that you still assemble to inquire what remains to be done to establish impartial justice throughout the land. While we were anxiously waiting for the Proclamation of Emancipation, we were constantly calling to each other, "Watchman, what of the night?" Had we been gifted with prophetic vision, well might the answer have been, "The morning cometh, and also the night." For, alas, what a dark cloud overspread the brightening dawn when the slow but honest Abraham Lincoln was supplanted by the reckless and unprincipled Andy Johnson!

The mission of Anti-Slavery has always been to influence public sentiment in the right direction; and never was that work more needed than at the present time. People in general are not sufficiently thoughtful to appreciate the immense importance of moral influence persistently extended by the written and spoken words of honest and earnest souls. These are always a small minority in numbers; but, because they are working with God, they have the power of a majority, as Frederic Douglass profoundly said. During our sharply contested campaign of thirty years, how constantly we were asked, "What is your plan?" And when we declared that our object was to enlighten and regenerate public sentiment, the answer seemed so vague to most people, that they persisted in regarding the movement as a useless agitation. Yet had it not been for the *Liberator* and THE STANDARD, for our stentorian lecturers, and our zealous talkers by the wayside, a political party would never have been formed on the basis of the non-extension of Slavery; and a man could never have been elected President, who was so far prepared as Abraham Lincoln was for the inevitable crisis that was approaching.

The influence of men and women, speaking, writing, and acting independently of sect or party, is peculiarly needed at the present formative crisis in our national affairs. Politicians are easily tempted to slide into compromises with the evil and the false; and it is necessary that thundering voices should warn the people of their doings. Not only are they prone to indirectness by reason of selfish considerations, but from habit they actually come to believe in crookedness as the best mode of proceeding, and those who have faith that a straight line is always the shortest are regarded by them as "unstatesmanlike and impracticable."

Bismark, the prince of diplomatists, is accustomed to say, "Never allow yourself to lose the attainable by reaching after the desirable." Aye, aye, Herr Bismark; but you forget that those who aim at the desirable are the ones who *create* for you the attainable. Politicians never like the goading of reformers, but they need it continually. Therefore, go on, my friends, pushing them up to their duty at the point of the moral bayonet; prop them up with a rectified public sentiment; remind them continually that searching eyes are watching their movements, that voices and pens are ever ready to proclaim their backslidings.

Alas, what golden opportunities have been lost for establishing our free institutions on a solid and permanent basis! Lost by the treachery of an unprincipled President, and by the cowardice of a Congress, which has not yet learned by God's impressive teaching that a straight line is the shortest and the surest! We owe it to our country that what few opportunities remain for accomplishing good shall not be wasted for want of warnings and efforts on our part. We owe it to that small but noble band in Congress, who go on steadfastly proclaiming truth in an atmosphere of sophistry and lies. Among these, Charles Sumner is conspicuous for the clearness and certainty of his moral perceptions. He always sees the right principle of action and announces it in advance of others. In his firmness and elevation of purpose, he is like a mountain which receives and reflects the first rays of the rising light. When it gradually descends into the lower regions of military necessity or political expediency, it becomes visible to the mousing minds that dwell there, picking up small crumbs of truth that have fallen from rich men's tables.

At every phase of the great revolution that has been going on, Mr. Sumner has at once proclaimed the right principle of action; and if he failed in securing its adoption, he has, with admirable patience and persistence, urged the next best movement. He pleaded earnestly to have the right of suffrage effectually secured to colored people, in all the States, by an amendment of the Constitution of the United States. If that wise precaution had been adopted it would have simplified a question rendered complicated by our long entanglement with Slavery, and becoming more and more involved in complications during the difficult process of reconstruction. That opportunity having been allowed to slip by, Mr. Sumner proposes, as the next best thing, that Congress should pass a law equalizing suffrage in all the States of the Union, North and South, so that no distinction shall be made at the polls on account of race or color.

This is the vital question of the hour. It signifies not merely justice to an oppressed class, but it also involves the question whether we will be true to the principles of our free institutions; whether we will prove by our works that we really have faith in a government by the people. We are all familiar with the radical idea in our Declaration of Independence that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." President Madison said: "In a Democracy the people meet and exercise the government in *person;* in a *Republic* the people assemble and administer the government by their *representatives.* * * * * It is essential to a Republican government that it be derived from the great body of the *people.*" President Lincoln said: "Allow *all* the governed an *equal* voice in the government. That, and that only, is self government."

When we began our career as an independent nation, it was the general, unquestioned custom for free colored people to vote. If I mistake not, the only exceptions were South Carolina and Connecticut. Massachusetts, I am proud to say, has always allowed suffrage to her colored citizens, from the day that they all received freedom by her Bill of Rights. Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and (most shameful of all) Kansas, have forbidden their colored citizens to have any share in making the laws by which they are governed. This is the more disgraceful to those States because they never had Slavery within their borders, and their Constitutions were framed at a period more enlightened than were those of the older States.

In all the Southern States, with the exception of South Carolina, free colored people were originally allowed to vote; but when, in after years, Conventions were called to alter the Constitutions of those States, everything was made subservient to the interests of Slavery, and colored citizens were consequently deprived of that right. Slaves were so much more numerous in the Eastern part of Virginia than in the Western part, that the slave basis gave Eastern Virginia about two-thirds of the representation of the whole State, though Western Virginia equalled the East in white population, the only voters. This unjust arrangement was insisted on because the perpetuity of Slavery required it; but it was so obviously inconsistent with Republican institutions, that the Convention did not pretend to claim any principle for its foundation. They coolly took the ground that there were no such things as principles in politics; a theory which the Slave-Oligarchy always consistently upheld by their practice.

Some of the Northern States, with more contradiction between profession and practice, pursued a similar downward course. In New York, colored people voted on equal terms with other citizens till 1821, when a State Convention ordained for blacks a property qualification, which was not applicable to whites. In Pennsylvania, they voted till 1838, when the right was entirely taken away from them.

Some may think that these departures from the impartial custom of our fathers are of slight import. I would recommend all such to ponder well the following words from Madison:

"The right of suffrage is certainly one of the fundamental articles of Republican government, and ought not to be left to be regulated by the legislature. *A gradual abridgment of this right has been the mode in which aristocracies have been built up on the ruins of popular forms.*"

If we allow the principles of our institutions to be violated with respect to one class of citizens, who can say how far such violations may gradually extend? If we wish to preserve our own rights, we must conscientiously and impartially respect the rights of others. We have surely suffered enough to warn us not to admit antagonisms into our laws. Our form of government is not a mere high-sounding theory, "A passionate manifesto of glittering generalities," it is a sincere and sublime experiment, in the success of which the destinies of the world are involved. Let us then vigilantly guard its honor and its purity, as becomes those whom God has appointed his most responsible agents for the elevation of the human race. L. MARIA CHILD.

Mr. POWELL also read the following letter from BOURNE SPOONER, of Plymouth, Mass., one of the earliest and most steadfast friends of the slave;

LETTER FROM MR. AND MRS. SPOONER.

PLYMOUTH, MASS, May 12th, 1868.

Dear Friend: We enclose herein twenty-five dollars, in aid of THE STANDARD, with an expression of our best wishes for the success of its efforts in the cause of justice.

BOURNE AND HANNAH SPOONER.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq.

Mr. POWELL continued—I have also a short letter, from Washington, which I will read. I hope the writer's view of the present situation is correct, though I have some misgivings. It is from a very shrewd observer of affairs at Washington. You who read THE STANDARD are familiar with his name—Col. CHAS. E. MOSS.

LETTER FROM COL. CHARLES E. MOSS:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 12, 1868.

MR. A. M. POWELL: *Dear Sir:* Tell our friends at the Anniversary that impeachment is sure to be successful in spite of the treachery of a few Republican Senators. The vote is postponed until Saturday on account of the sickness of Senator Howard. We shall on that day have thirty-six votes for conviction, and that secures its success. There is a tremendous excitement at the Capital, more intense than that which prevailed at the time of the adoption of the impeachment resolution in the House of Representatives. I have never before seen anything to compare with it. The imprecations heaped upon Trumbull, Grimes and Fessenden are bitter and emphatic, and I do not envy them their position. They bid fair to be classed with the Arnolds and other traitors to the cause of freedom.

General Grant is working hard with his friends to secure the conviction of the President. He says his acquittal will result in bloodshed. His opinions ought to influence Republican Senators to remove the only obstacle in the way of peace.

By the way, General Grant the past three weeks has declared himself in favor of universal suffrage and declares that must be the ruling idea of his administration if elected in 1868. Radicalism will, in spite of timidity and treachery of Republican Senators, secure a perfect triumph in 1868. It will rule the next administration and dictate the policy of the nation hereafter. Notwithstanding clouds and darkness now obscure the political horizon, light and sunshine will on Saturday next gladden the hearts of the true and the good men of the nation. By working hard until next Saturday our deliverance will be accomplished and traitors driven from positions of honor and power. Be of good cheer, all will yet work out for good. CHARLES E. MOSS.

The following resolutions, prepared by the Executive Committee, were then read by Mr. POWELL:

1. Resolved, That we congratulate the friends of the negro race everywhere on the vast stride the question has taken and its gratifying triumphs in so many ways during the past year: confident that, though betrayed by its Chief Magistrate, and if betrayed by its Senate, the nation is still sound at heart, understands the crisis and is equal to it. (Loud applause.)

2. Resolved, That while in the legislation of Congress and its attempts toward an amendment of the Constitution, the political status of the negro is still unsettled, and while terror reigns throughout the South, we consider the naked right to vote at the peril of life almost, if not altogether, a mockery, and we hold Andrew Johnson and Congress responsible for this perilous condition of public affairs and this disgrace to a great nation. (Applause.)

3. Resolved, That if the Senate acquit Andrew Johnson it cannot set aside the nation's verdict that he is guilty; it will only join itself to him as disloyal and as betrayer of the trust committed to its hands in cold blood, as he had been in hot and drunken passion. (Loud applause.)

4. Resolved, That we demand of the Republican party at Chicago a man who represents the most radical and advanced purpose of the loyal people, and that he stand on a platform which shall guarantee to the negro by constitutional sanction impartial suffrage, common school education and such legislation as will secure him a homestead of land. (Applause.)

5. Resolved, That we repeat more earnestly than ever our claim for a constitutional amendment which shall secure citizenship for every person born on the soil, and impartial suffrage in the election of all elective national officers throughout the States—also forbidding all proscription or inequality of political rights on account of race, color or previous condition.

6. Resolved, That we urge Congress to immediately enact a suffrage law which shall guarantee at once to colored citizens, upon equal terms with the whites in every State, North as well as South, the ballot for all elective national offices.

7. Resolved, That the so-called Democratic party, which for so many years defended slavery, slave-hunting, and the extension of slave territory; and which now seeks by political intrigue and unscrupulous opposition in the North, and by terrorism in the South, to prevent altogether the equal enfranchisement of colored citizens, or to subject them to invidious tests of education and property, merits the severest condemnation and should be repudiated and denounced by all friends of justice and impartial freedom.

8. Resolved, That in view of the landless and helpless condition of the lately freed-race at the South, who are now exercising the right of suffrage at the risk of starvation, we claim of government that it revert to the war policy of confiscation, and in this way find the means of making suffrage a real privilege, not a mockery, by giving each colored family a homestead of good land capable of saving its occupant from starving in consequence of voting according to his conscience, deeming this policy as important as the establishment of schools, and just now even more indispensable.

9. Resolved, That we denounce the proposition, now before Congress, to abolish elective government in the District of Columbia, in whole or in part, as a plot to cheat the freedmen of the District of their new-born freedom: and that we call on all true-hearted Senators and Representatives, especially on the Committees on the District, to see that this crime does not stain the Capital of the nation.

10. Resolved, that we point to the somewhat successful attempt to revive the wicked scheme of colonization as strong evidence that the pro-slavery poison still lingers in the veins of the nation, and that the negro race is still in danger.

11. Resolved, that no action of the great body of the American church gives any sufficent evidence of vigilance or Christian principle on the great question of the hour, while the unqualified surrender of the Boston Tract Society to its pro-slavery master affords sad evidence of the existence of the old "Brotherhood of thieves." (Applause.)

12. Resolved, that all the events of the past year and the critical hours opening before us summon abolitionists to renewed, and, if possible, more devoted efforts, to impress on the national conscience the absolute need of still stronger guarantees for all the rights which the war has shown us the necessity of recognizing in the negro race.

13. Resolved, That cheered and encouraged by the steady increase of the subscription list of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and confident in its power and value as our chief weapon in the contest between liberty and the unhumbled, though broken, slave-power, we pledge ourselves, individually, to renewed efforts to extend its circulation and supply its treasury.

14. Resolved, that weakened as our ranks have been by what is now most clearly shown to be the mistaken confidence of some who once stood with us here, our labor should be all the more abundant to hold up the hands and strengthen the public support of those statesmen who understand the nation's imminent peril and are treading under foot every party and personal consideration to marshal it on in the right way, seeing that the war is not ended nor is emancipation itself safe till the citizenship of every native, impartial suffrage, a common school system for every citizen and a land homestead for every family of the negro race, are firmly anchored in the constitution itself, as well as heartily accepted by the conscience and convictions of the dominant majority of the nation. We say, therefore, to all our old fellow workers, "Up, relax no effort, quicken your zeal, double your toil; let those who remain more than make up for those who have fallen out of the ranks, and keep our time-honored flag flying till all it ever meant is written on the nation's heart and statue books alike." (Applause).

15. Resolved, that the death of our venerable coworker, James Mott, one of the earliest laborers in the field, always earnest, vigilant, tireless, abounding in good works, takes one of the most devoted comrades from our ranks, and in him the negro has lost one of his heartiest and most efficient friends. But falling in his ripest age we bow to the wise and kind Providence which lifts him to a higher sphere, and offer to his family circle our tenderest and most respectful sympathy in their great bereavement. (Applause).

CHAS. C. BURLEIGH was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF CHAS. C. BURLEIGH.

The resolutions which have been read in yonr hearing announce the purpose of this Society to keep its flag flying until all which it means shall be written in the legislation of this country, and, I may say, shall be wrought into the life of this nation. We are not content with a victory which leaves the fruits of victory in peril. We are not content with a victory which is achieved upon any lower platform than that of clearly recognized principle. We have to rejoice, indeed, in the progress of our cause in the past. We have to rejoice that what a few years ago was the fanaticism of a few hated and persecuted men and women has come to be the triumphant sentiment of a mighty people. But we have to remember that, after all, this triumph has not been achieved upon the ground of a thorough acceptance of Anti-Slavery principle by all who have concurred in its achievement. But for the men who, in the fore-front of the hottest battle, maintained the principle, it never would have been achieved at all. But for the men who were willing to aim at the "desirable," rather than be content with the "attainable," that which has been attained would never have been attainable. Your statesmen, your politicans, your men of shrewd expediency, need yet to be taught that only thus can the desirable ever become attainable—by its being demanded with an earnest voice, with a settled determination. We who are engaged in this contest, and who have been engaged in it for the last third of a century, do not believe that there is this broad distinction which the world of policy and statemanship assumes between the desirable and the attainable. We believe that the hope of a wise heart is prophesy:

> "God tortures not the souls that purely aspire
> With a vain hunger and a bootless fire;
> Want is the garner of our bounteous sire.
> Hunger the promise of its own supply.
> You creep in dust to wail your lowly lot,
> Which were not lowly if you scorned to creep.
> You weep because the good you sought is not,
> When but for this it is not—that you weep.
> That which we dare we shall be, when the will
> Bows to prevailing hope its *would-be* to fulfil."

It is in that spirit we address ourselves to the work before us. Because it is desirable, it is attainable. Because it is right, it is desirable. Because God stands behind the right, with everlasting and omnipotent strength, therefore they who work for the truly desirable are working for the attainable, in the wisest and most efficient way.

We demand that the triumph of the Anti-Slavery principle shall be achieved in this nation before we rest from our work. We had a proclamation of Emancipation in the progress of the war, but it was a proclamation which did justice, (partial justice, let me say), rather as an act of military necessity; and now we have a determination on the part, as I firmly believe, of the majority of the American people to carry out the measures which we then inaugurated, and those measures necessary to the completion thereof which have since been initiated, not so much, on the part of many, as a matter of absolute right, or as a matter, because of absolute right of the ultimately highest expediency, but rather as a matter of present political necessity, just as the Emancipation Proclamation was a measure of military necessity. Now, how came that to be a measure of military necessity? Simply from the fact that the Anti-Slavery agitation had educated the people up to the point where no otherwise could we make sure of success, could we make sure of that hearty, earnest co-operation, on the one side, of the highest loyalty of the North—loyalty to principle—with the power at the South upon the other side, which was found to be necessary to complete the circle of resistless energy by which the rebellion was to be crushed. So must it be again. It is the education of the nation which is to make this political necessity available to any finally good results. We are to educate the nation to the faith which the Anti-Slavery Cause has been teaching all along—a faith in the sanctity of simple manhood. We have not learned that yet. The talk of the people shows that it is not thoroughly learned. When men can still cling to the notion that we are to promote the well-being of one part of God's children upon this continent by somehow banishing another part to a distant and barbarous continent, it is a very plain case that we have not yet learned the sacredness of simple manhood. If I have not the same complexion as you, I must not live in the same continent as you; at all events, it is not quite advisable that I should! If my ancestors were born in another part of the world from that in which yours were born, that is a reason why I should go to my "native land," which I never saw, nor any of my ancestry for the last four or five generations! So, again when we hear men talking about "The people" in the way so many of our politicans are talking about them, evidently meaning the people of one complexion, of one class, or caste, it is a very plain case that we have not yet learned, as a nation, the sacredness of simple manhood. I was reading the other day a communication from one of the men at the South, who is certified by the paper publishing his communitation as the representative of a large and powerful class there, in which it was affirmed that never would there be peace in this country until a certain portion of the people, constituting in some States a minority, in others a small majority, should have the power to absolutely determine the condition of the other portion of the people—the majority in some States, and a large minority in others. Does not this show that the lesson taught by the Anti-Slavery Cause is yet to be learned? And we have a great many politicans this side of the line which divides the so-called South from the North who talk after the same fashion, who think after the same fashion. I do not know how many there may be even in that party which claims to be, of the two political parties, the party of freedom, but I cannot but think if, even there, there were a thorough appreciation of the truth, that manhood is sacred, that this sacredness depends, not upon color, not upon nationality, not upon previous condition—I cannot help thinking, I say, that if there were a thorough understanding of this truth, even in the Republican party, there would be no doubt to-day as to the issue of that trial going on at Washington. There would be no doubt to-day as to whether Senators would dare to defy at once the principles of justice, the considerations of the highest expediency, and the displeasure, the crushing, withering displeasure of the whole body of their constituency. The very fact that there can be a doubt upon a question of this kind shows that the people still need something of this process of education which has been going on for the last thirty years and more, and is not yet completed.

We are to make this truth clearly understood, that there can be no peace in this nation, or in any nation—no permanent, no enduring peace—until the institutions thereof, until the laws and usages thereof, are based upon sound principle; certainly not until there is made manifest in the entire course of the nation's policy, an earnest desire, a fixed purpose, to attain that point as rapidly as possible, and as completely as possible. It may be that in the imperfection of our finite human knowledge, we may stop short of a perfect realization of the principle, but if we set our faces towards the accomplishment of it, if we show an earnest desire to accomplish it, if we make it manifest that nothing stands between us and its accomplishment but that imperfection of human knowledge which makes the mathematician draw his diagram not the perfect square, circle, or triangle which is in his idea, but the nearest attainable to it which the tremulous movement of his hand will permit—if we show this plainly, then we are on the high road to enduring peace, and never until then, because always until then we are fighting against the very power which is destined at last to be victorious; we are fighting against the power of eternal right, which is backed by the strength of the everlasting Omnipotence. Can we prevail, then? Did compromise ever prevail? Men talk of compromise as if it would secure the peace and permanence of the Union, the nation's prosperity, and what not. Thus they talked in those earlier days, when Anti-Slavery truth was "fanaticism;" when the doctrine of "immediate and unconditional emancipation" was the "wild dream of visionaries;" and what came of it? What came of compromise then? Where the peace it secured? Perpetual jangling and strife! Where the prosperity of the nation and the permanence of the Union which it secured? War to the hilt of the bloody knife for four terrible years, during which the very life of the nation seemed trembling in the balance, and was only saved at last by the shrewd adoption of that notion of military necessity to which I have already alluded. When justice was acknowledged to be supreme, at least, for the moment, even though admitted to be supreme as a means of success, then success such as it was, came. That is, a measure of success which gave us a firm footing on which to plant ourselves, a fulcrum for the lever with which to overturn the world of opposition still lying before us.

We have not yet, therefore, gained the victory of the Anti-Slavery cause. So long as politicians think it doubtful whether an amendment to the Constitution securing equality of rights before the law, without destruction of caste, or color, or nationality, can be adopted by a majority of the people, in the adequate majority of States; so long our work remains yet unfinished, and we have before us the old task where-to to address ourselves. Our work will not be completed until we reach that point; until it shall be understood, that wherever the stars and stripes float, they float over a people governed by the principle of the absolute equality of all men before the law. Whether that end is to be attained by one process or another, it is to be attained. You wish to push Andrew Johnson from the chair he has desecrated so long. Why? Because, remainining in that chair, he is an obstacle to the attainment of this end. You wish to secure the reconstruction of those States which were lately in rebellion, upon the basis which has been laid down by Congress. Why? Because you wish to attain this end—the recognition of the equal rights of all men before the law, in every part of the land. You can never do it, so long as you fail to make it a part of the nation's law. Put it into the hands of those several States, let them decide the question for themselves, and what guarantee have we that they will not by some means, by fraud or by force, or by both combined, rob the black man of the measure of rights now partially secured to him, under the Congressional enactments and the military government. What assurance have we that the policy pointed out by the correspondent of the *Tribune* to which I have just alluded will not prevail at length?—that those States, when once they come to have the power in their hands, will not tread under foot all these Congressional arrangements, pronounce them at once null and void, because accepted only under duress, and replace the old oligarchy in its seat of power? Leave nothing to chance; leave nothing to doubtful decisions; but let it be the law of the nation, a law that shall require obedience alike from Carolina and Connecticut. For it is to the shame of New England, that still within her bounds is one pretended Republic which treads a portion of its children under foot, denying them the rights which belong to them as citizens of the Commonwealth, as sacred as those of any other class of citizens. I have a right to pour out my rebukes upon that Commonwealth of Connecticut, for it is my native State. I have a right to be jealous of her honor, for the purity of her principles, for the justice of her institutions; and to say that as one of her children, I am ashamed to call her mother until she shall wash her hands from this pollution. (Applause). In fact, I have of late been accustomed, when reminded of the disgraceful position of Connecticut, to reply that I am a son of Windham county, and at least I can find one clean spot upon which to stand and lift her up where there is a majority in favor of equal rights and simple justice. But while this is so, that it is necessary to put into the law of the nation a provision securing the rights of all, you see that we have something to do still to educate the people; to educate the people of Connecticut, the people of Ohio, the people of Pennsylvania. The people of Pennsylvania, who claim to reverence the names of those old pilgrims of civil and religious freedom who came across the sea years ago to proclaim the equal rights, of all men, and embodied that affirmation in the very language they employed, denying a higher reverence to the crowned prince than to the peasant toiling at his daily task.

Here, then, is the work before us. It is the work to which our friend LYDIA MARIA CHILD alluded—"To do what remains to be done to establish impartial justice throughout the land." It is still to create a public sentiment; it is still to educate the public mind and heart; it is still to make men understand that they then assert their highest capability when they say, "We are men;" and by asserting their highest capability then, they lay themselves under the most sacred obligation to defend the equal human rights of other men.

The President then addressed the meeting:

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

It is now some thirty-three years, nearly thirty-four, since this society was organized, and when it was organized I suppose every member imagined, as certainly I did when I became an abolitionist, that we were devoting ourselves unselfishly to serving the negro race; that with Christian sympathy and a magnanimous devotedness we were stretching the shield of the nation's strength over a victim race. But God has shown us, in the providence of thirty years, that this toil which we thought magnanimity has in reality been patriotism; that the labor which we have expended to shield the negro has in its real significance been a toil to save the nation itself. Every thoughtful man who looks back thirty years will see in the whole course of national affairs, no matter where he traces back the source and the cause, that we have been gradually gravitating toward a social and a political corruption which jeoparded Republican government; that our course, like that of all other free governments, had been to the weakening of the people and strengthening of what were called the higher classes; and to-day, popular education, essentially democratic institutions, universal suffrage, the actual and entire presence of every responsible being in the government, are elements which we are to owe to the presence and the relation of the black race among us. If the nation survives, essentially democratic, it will be because, in the accidents and contingencies of the past, we have had a black race among us. Jefferson said sixty years ago, "The freedom of this nation is owing to the accident of separate colonies." So in my view to-day the preservation of republican institutions, the vigilance of popular thought, the education of parties, the continuance of the great democratic tendency here will be owing to the education which the Anti-Slavery Cause has given, and to the necessity which the war peril has imposed on the American people. There are a class of people who go about now with white lips, saying to each other, "Would to God we could wake up some morning and find every negro blanched white! Then we should have a happy people, a halcyon sea!" But fifty years hence, History will look back and see that the only chance God gave us for the reconstruction of this nation in its old shape, at least in your day and mine, has been the presence at the South of three millions of essential and inevitable loyalists. Without them, I affirm there never would have been a possibility, and no history shows us the probability of the healing of this quarrel between the loyal North and the recalcitrant white race of the South. In other words, friends, the more the future opens before us, the broader becomes the question in which our sympathies have been engaged. Frederica Bremer said, twenty years ago, "The romance of your history is the fate of the negro race." And when the future Scott shall choose his border-land and his romance plots from the archives of American history, it is no doubt a fact that he will find no more fruitful treasure-house than this relation of the races.

But, more than that, constitutional history shows us that every great debate on the floor of the national Congress which history cares to preserve to-day—every great debate which by its essence has become historical, has grown out of the negro race—nothing else. The first great Congressional encounter in 1792, in which the chiefs of revolutionary fame crossed swords with each other, were the slave clauses of the Constitution. The next great debate was in 1807 and 1809 on the same question. The great shock of the Missouri compromise, that nearly effected a severance of the Union, was a negro question. The great debate of 1829 and 1830, in which Webster and Hayne crossed spears over the Territorial question, was a negro question; and ever since that day, every salient point of Congressional history has come from the relations of the negro to our politics, until at last that gun at Sumter made him master of the situation. I say to-day that the President whose right hand signed the charter of emancipation was put into the White House by the slave, and if Andrew Johnson is deposed from his chair of State, it will be the hand of the negro that drags him down (applause); for it is on the question of the status of the negro that the President has defied the purpose of the loyal masses and staked his magistrate's existence on that issue.

Wherever you go, therefore, wherever you touch American history, no matter at what point, everywhere, at every moment, God has marked the relations of this race to ourselves as the test of American moral life—as the fulcrum and the lever of American political progress; and the cause in which we have been engaged for thirty years is, in other words, the protection of nationality. We have discussed it on principle, we have divided right and wrong here for thirty years on this platform. We have discussed ethics, we have summoned the Gospel, we have endeavored to impress conscience, and during the war time we appealed

to the national patriotism, the chivalry of the flag. On these two wings the great cause of Anti-Slavery has been borne upward for thirty years. But, as I said a few moments ago, God has placed us this hour in the hands of more inexorable laws than Congress or the republican party. We are to-day in the hands of his justice, we are to-day in the hands of political economy. The great selfish forces of the nineteenth century have grappled this negro question and I know that the negro's place is safe, that he has a better right than any other man to fold his hands in content and serenity, because the lips of Providence proclaim to-day to the American people: "Only by being just shall you be strong!" (Applause).

The question to-day is a question of business. Reconstruction has got beyond politics. Whether Congress sits there and makes card houses of paper constitutions or not is not the essential question. Ten States are not only in political anarchy, they are in social anarchy; society is resolved into its original elements. The great forces of the nineteenth century are all unlocked and discordant, grappling each other. Reconstruction has struck down deeper to the under stratum than where the Senate sits to-day. The question is whether the South shall eat bread or starve. The question is whether the nineteenth century shall build up those ten States or leave them in ruins. Congress will not determine that. The effort of Andrew Johnson to check the results of the war has ended in this—in the effort to save the pet scheme of John C. Calhoun, the oasis of a foreign feudalism, from the force of the nineteenth century—Andrew Johnson has disjointed the whole Southern organization. I will tell you what I mean. Mr. Greeley said some six months ago in the *Tribune*, "There is corn enough in Alabama to feed the whole South; but there are not brains enough to move it. (Laughter). In that sentence is the key to the whole situation. Look at the white race. We are discussing with a sort of pedantic scholarship an educational qualification for voting, by which we mean that a man shall read and write. But there are ninety-nine men who can read and write, and all their knowledge put together would not amount to the wisdom of one sensible man who cannot read and write. (Laughter). You know that. When you talk of education, consider the essential meaning of the word—the discipline of the natural faculties. Take the black race, in the Southern States. Pushed to the wall by the necessity of earning their own bread; the very necessity which brooded over them has made those black brains more alert, those black faculties more trained, than the superficial book learning of the white race.

Take out a thousand Southerners, who have travelled, and thought, and visited the great centres of the world's enterprise and energy, and leave behind the rest of the Southern race, steeped in indolence, idling away their time in what they call hunting, and that race, in the mass, does not compare, in education, with the black race, that has made its own bread. They know more of the earth and its fruits, of the woods and their contents, of the human mind and its working, of the means of making this life a success, than all the white race of the South. There has not been a Southern man born within thirty years who could do business. You know it. There has not been a Southern white man born within thirty years, talking in the average, who could manage a large plantation, build a railroad, or run it. There has not been a white man born at the South within thirty years who could manage a large mercantile house. That takes brains, and the South always hired its brains. (Laughter). To move a thousand million bushels of wheat from Chicago, to move a hundred million feet of lumber from Illinois takes brains. The reason why the pulpit of to-day is second-rate as compared with one hundred years ago; why colleges are tame and editorial sanctums are stupid, is because the magnificent industrial resources of the country absorb four-fifths of its brains. The South never had any of these brains. A judge in my own State said to me the other day that when, twenty years ago a teacher in Virginia, he tried to instruct a white girl in the multiplication of fractions, and after she had tried it a fortnight, she flung the book on the floor and said, "I will never learn fractions; I will hire a Yankee to multiply for me." (Laughter). This is a symbol of the state of the Southern mind up to the present hour. In 1861, the South that had hired brains, banished them, (laughter); set about the Quixotic crusade of endeavoring to live on an isolated feudalism in the Nineteenth century. It is starving! The Senate says the South is starving. Of course it is. The town's poor have seceded from the town—(laughter)—why shouldn't they starve? Essentially speaking, the idiots have seceded from the hospital. (Laughter). They must starve.

I am endeavoring to analyze for you the essential conditions of this problem. Time will change it. The white race, put upon its metal, will be educated; so will the black. But to go back to my text. As Mr. Greeley said, "there is corn enough in Alabama; but there are not wits enough to move it." And that is the South. The Senate sits at Washington and says to the South, "Put down on paper the forms under which you wish to live." A very good thing. But the inexorable laws of political economy and of God's justice say, "Begin to live; earn your own bread; think your own thoughts; stand on your own feet." And the baby white race, that has been brought up in a hothouse, under glass, says, "I would rather starve than stand on that black man's feet." That is the South. You remember Dale Owen's story of the confederate six-footer, who, after Chickamauga, came to Nashville and asked for rations and transportation. The captain said to him, "We can't give either; we have stopped all that sort of thing." "Well," said the great hulking fellow, with a sort of stupid consciousness that somebody was bound to take care of him, "What am I to do?" Said the officer, "Go down to the levee, volunteer on a steamboat to handle wood at the wood stations, and they will carry you home, and feed you besides." The stolid face looked into the officer's a moment, and said, "Stranger, I never did do a stroke of work in my life, and do you think I am going to begin now?" (Laughter). That, again, is the South, and it is that element which is to be grappled with. What is the evil of Andrew Johnson? Why, this is the evil. The South used to say, with a sort of derision, "We rebel against the Yankee!" That is exactly it. The Yankee is the cant term which in a single phrase represents the nineteenth century—individual energy, brains, a career, an equal chance for everybody. The baby, six months old, climbing up and looking over the side of his cradle, inventing a new model, and getting out a patent! (Laughter). That is the nineteenth century. That is the Yankee. The South rebelled against it. She thinks she can succeed. She thinks, because she has got mailed knees, she can kick against the inexorable laws of the nineteenth century, and instead of that, she finds she is breathing in an exhausted receiver. She is smothered in her own effort. To-day the great treason of the President is this. When the triumph of the North had opened the great channels by which schools and the Yankee generally could go down like a blessing and take possession of the South, and flood it with the hues of Paradise like a garden, then Johnson, standing in the White House, and looking out on the white race, on its knees, saying to its conquerors, "Spare our lives! Take everything else! runs up his flag, and cries out to the defeated—not the defeated *men*, but the defeated *idea*, the defeated elements—"Don't give up! Stand on your feet! Try again! I will yet save this pet white man's government, this aristocratic indolence, this idea of a gentleman." The Southerner's idea of a gentleman is not only a man who does not do anything, but a man who cannot do anything. (Laughter and applause). To be able to do anything degrades a gentleman! As Moncure Conway said, "Folks say, that if you free the negro, he won't work. Well, why should he? The only ideal of freedom he ever saw was a man whose evidence of liberty was, that he couldn't work; and if the negro should imitate his master, it would be no marvel."

This is the element. Now, to this South—not the geographical South, but this elemental South, whipped by the war, about to be merged and absorbed in the fires of the nineteenth century—Johnson held out his flag, and said, "Don't surrender! Don't give up! Don't despair! I will give you back your property; I will bring to the front your defeated leaders; I will make you still a people able to hold up your interests against the advancing waves of civilization. I will do what Calhoun thought could not be done. I will put you into one nation with the North, and I will save you from the vigor of liberty." Calhoun said, "we must build a Chinese wall betwixt the energy of this Yankee race and our effete civilization, or it will swallow us up." But this stupid muddle which we have dug up from the mud of Tennessee said, "I will do better than that; I will keep you in the nation, and I will guard you from the vigor of liberty." That is his treason. The South said, "Lend me a million of dollars, a thousand millions, to make my wheels move." The North said, "we ache to lend it to you; here it is; only take the school-mistress with it." The South said. "We want the money, but we won't take the ideas." And Johnson said, "I will give you the money without the ideas; I will give you back the railroads; I will return the confiscated property; I will set you afloat again with all the resources of the nation, you shall fight another battle for fifty years, and you may win in time."

That is the meaning of impeachment. The great fight over the White House is this. The negro race are the educated men of the South, in the best sense of the term. It is a call across the mountains. The educated negro of the Carolinas says to the educated Saxon of New England, "Let us join hands; we two are brothers!" and the effete white man, the Chinese—not with his feet swaddled and cramped in limitations, but with his brain swaddled in theories and cramped with prejudices—cries out, "I forbid the banns;" and Johnson is the fiend or the priest who stands up to consecrate the divorce. (Laughter). The nation stands all this while struggling to open the channel. It is not politics; it is not a party move, it is not a Republican purpose. I was in six States of the West; I sat side by side at many a board with Democrats—the highest level—the men whose feet touch now the very threshold of the United States Senate; and I said to one of them, "I suppose you gnash your teeth over the impeachment?" "Oh, no; I would throttle the man in twelve hours." Said I, "Is that democratic doctrine?" "I don't know; but I am the manager of twenty millions in a railroad over which I preside, and we shall do nothing until this great obstacle is out of the way. The politicans have filled the air black with their theories; the business enterprise of the country now demands a channel."

This is the aspect of the question to-day. Let Johnson stay in the White House, and the shock will not be felt at the Union Club, it will be felt in Wall street. The great strain on the nation will not come in caucusses, or at Chicago, it will come on finance. For twelve months, it will put back the recuperation of business. It will be more than three bad harvests, and national bankruptcy in the financial circle. As I read to-day, the aspect of impeachment is one that goes deeper down than many think. Washington is dealing with impeachment as a Presidential question. You never get, in the Presidential year, any actual truth from an American politican, from the first day of April to the tenth day of November. He lets dribble out just so much truth as he thinks won't hurt the chances of his favorite Presidential candidate, but after the tenth day of November, you get the truth. This chess-board at Washington is not an impeachment chess-board, it is a Presidential chess-board. Like that picture which, the German painted, of a man playing chess, and his angel looming over his head, so over Fessenden towers his Presidential candidate, and behind Wilson stands his. The Senate is nothing but the hand; behind is the figure which projects its shadow forward into November, and decides the vote. Disappointed ambition, as one of our human motives, did not die with Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold. Besides that, there is another element. There are certain folks who are discussing woman's rights. Woman ought to have her rights, but woman governs now almost as much as if she had her rights. You remember it was a cup of tea spilled on Mrs. Masham's gown, one of Queen Anne's ladies-in-waiting, that upset the Duke of Marlborough, and saved Louis the Fourteenth his crown. It was a woman's intrigue that crushed Robespierre; it was a woman's caprice that lifted Bonaparte to a throne; and if the wives of Senators are jealous of Mrs. Wade why should they not keep Andrew Johnson in the White House and Ben. Wade out? (Laughter and applause).

Then, again, any man who keeps his eyes open will see that at Washington the lines of new parties are drawing. The democratic names are fading out, like a rainbow on a summer afternoon. The lines are dividing—loyal from disloyal—the sheep on the one side, the goats on the other. (app). The Republican party is breaking, and behind this faction in the Senate which is hiding Andrew Johnson from justice, I see the Chief Justice, with the Presidency on his brain, looming up as a candidate. The plot which saves Andrew Johnson is a plot concocted under the ermine of the Supreme Court. Whatever Mr. Chase does, he does deliberately, but I am not so sure about Fessenden and Trumbull. I think we ought to be very patient with them—very patient. My own opinion is, that if impeachment could have lasted six months, they would have voted right. It takes about six months—just about six months—for a statesmanlike idea to penetrate Fessenden's brain. (Laughter). It has always taken about six months for Trumbull and Fessenden to get into line on any loyal measure. You know Sidney Smith said, that to get a joke into a Scotchman's head required a surgical operation. (Laughter) So it does to get a loyal measure into Fessenden's brain. What is the trouble. We have been too fast for him. If we would have a little patience, and postpone impeachment until next December, I guess he would be all right. (Laughter). He would ripen entirely. (Renewed laughter). I do not think he is lacking; he is only slow. (Laughter).

To my own mind, this impeachment question lies in a nutshell. Hidden within the mountain of chaff which the able counsel for the President have raised is only one little handfull of wheat. One single idea runs through the whole; only one. We on this platform used to be called "One idea men." Well, if we were one-idea men, we professed to be; but four of the ablest lawyers in the country have gone up and argued the President's cause for thirty days, and nobody can find, in all their arguments, but one idea. That is, I have read all the arguments except that of Mr. Evarts, (laughter), and I loathe him so much that I cannot read his speech. (Applause). No rule of the legal profession bound him to take the President's case. No construction of a lawyer's duty justifies his presence in that court, on that side. Not even the broad and utterly indefensible theory of Lord Brougham can cover the treason of Mr. Evarts. I say, with all deliberation, that his volunteering to take that side has done, and rightfully done, more to deepen the popular conviction that lawyers have no consciences, than any professional act in this country for a century. (Loud applause). It has done more, it has rightfully done more to make the people distrust the profession, than even the heartless and infidel career of Rufus Choate. (I beg pardon of the infidels for using the word). So I have not read Mr. Evart's argument, but I have read the rest, and it seems to me that the idea of impeachment lies in the narrowest compass, as the House chose to put it. The President did everything in his power to remove Mr. Stanton, and thereby he violated a law. These two points nobody denies. Has the President a right to violate a constitutional law? No. Everybody will agree to that. Suppose he thinks a law unconstitutional, what can he do? He can issue what is called the *quo warranto* in the courts, and test it. Why did he not do it? He never took one step towards it. Why not? No theory except that of guilty intention explains why he did not; and every loyal man sees guilt in that point. But waive this, put it aside, come down to the level of Mr. Groesbeck and Mr. Stansbery. Grant that the President may disobey a law, in order to test it, when he thinks it unconstitutional. Grant, for the purpose of the argument, that as Massachusetts disobeyed the Embargo Laws in 1812, and sent Samuel Dexter, up to Washington to argue them, as Hampden disobeyed the law in regard to ship money, and argued his question in the face of England, Andrew Johnson has a right to disobey a law to get it before the courts—grant it, and what then? Why, just as in Hampden's case, if the court that is set to try the act deems the law unconstitutional, as he did, then his act is honored; he put it like a plume in his cap, and walks out lauded of all men for having defended the Constitution. But if the tribunal set to try his act thinks the law was constitutional, thinks he is a guilty sinner, he must be punished. Nobody doubts that. No one of the counsel, on either side, has ever denied that. If he is put on trial for his disobedience, and the tribunal set to try him says the law is constitutional, then he is to be punished. Well, how much? These two words, "how much," are the gist of the whole impeachment question. I affirm, without the possibility of contradiction, that the question between the managers and the counsel, analyzed to its essence, is summed up in these two words, "How much?"

The case is the commonest in the world. Suppose you and I own farms along side of each other, and we do not know where the line runs—what do we do? You put down a stake where you think it runs, to assert a claim; I deny it; and then we go into court. If you have only put down a stake, given me no inconvenience, done me no harm, put me to no trouble, even if the court says, you had no right to put it there, you ought to have put it where I said, the damages are only one cent—nominal. You only raised a naked claim, doing no injury, and your punishment is nominal. But if, instead of doing that, you build a stone wall, knock down my laborers, maltreat my cattle, destroy my crops, upset my buildings, then, if you are right, you are justified, but if you are wrong, you pay every cent of the damage. You are punished, not nominally, but substantially; you pay me adequate compensation. Take that illustration and go to the President. If Andrew Johnson meaning simply to test the law, had turned out some subordinate person, whom nobody knows—the Secretary of the Interior, for instance (laughter)—and the Senate, met in impeaching court, had said, "He is not justified," they would have passed a vote of censure, and that would have been the end of it. If he had done just so much, and not one atom more of public disturbance, than just to raise that issue, he would have been merely stamped as mistaken. But when, after two such years—Memphis and New Orleans—defiance of Congress—pardon of rebels—giving back confiscated lands—using his high office as the means of thwarting the nation, he put one hand on Grant to make him a comrade in iniquity, and another on Sherman, tries to tempt Thomas, gathers about him all the military strength, to absorb it, and as his last act, puts his hand on the very nucleus of the nation's strength, the war office, it is as if a burglar, entering your chamber at night puts his hand to your throat—you don't give him "nominal damages," you shoot him; you don't say, "Sir, what is your intention?" you put a bullet through his heart. So, when after this long course of systematic conspiracy, a man puts his hand on the very headquarters of the army of the States, what is his punishment? His punishment is, that he shall be crippled to just that extent which will hinder him from doing any harm in time to come. That is, he is to be deposed.

That is impeachment—the whole of it. A *nisi prius* attorney, in a common court, before a justice of the peace, though his name be William Pitt Fessenden, may quibble over it; but History, fifty years hence, bringing its torch to bear on this question and letting its rays shine through the Trumbulls and the Fessendens, when she stamps them for futurity, will say, "Not intellectually blind, morally base." (Applause). The intellectual eye sees truth sometimes because the heart gives it a clear insight, and it is blind to truth when the heart is wrong. Impeachment lingers to-day in the Senate because the Whig fossils of that body do not yet see John Hancock under a black skin. If Andrew Johnson had laid the tenth part of the weight of his little finger on the rudest white man of South Carolina, Fessenden would have impeached him twenty months ago. I will take the cunningest lawyer in Maine, and I will set him down for twelve months to paint the picture of such a President as ought to be impeached, and I will guarantee that when he has done it, it will be a striking likeness of Andrew Johnson. I will guarantee that there is not a lawyer in the Senate who will paint a picture of a President who ought to be impeached in which you will not find the predominant lines of the present Chief Magistrate. You have sometimes seen a picture over a store, where, looking at it from one side you see Gen. Washington; standing on the other side it is Gen. Jackson. The reason why Fessenden cannot see Andrew Johnson on this side is because he is standing on the other, and sees Ben Wade. (Great laughter and applause).

A brief intermission here took place in the speaking, which was agreeably filled by Mr. Lasar, who discoursed some most excellent music.

At the close of the organ performance, Miss MARY GREW, of Philadelphia, addressed the audience.

[*To be continued next week.*]

IMPEACHMENT.

THE Senate on Saturday last voted—Yeas 35, Nays 19—that Andrew Johnson *was* guilty of a high misdemeanor as follows:

ARTICLE XI.

That said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, unmindful of the high duties of his office and of his oath of office, and in disregard of the Constitution and laws of the United States, did heretofore, to wit: on the 18th day of August, 1866, at the City of Washington, and the District of Columbia, by public speech, declare and affirm in substance, that the XXXIXth Congress of the United States was not a Congress of the United States authorized by the Constitution to exercise legislative power under the same; but, on the contrary, was a Congress of only part of the States, thereby denying and intending to deny that the legislation of said Congress was valid or obligatory upon him, the said Andrew Johnson, except in so far as he saw fit to approve the same, and also thereby denying and intending to deny the power of the said XXXIXth Congress to propose amendments to the Constitution of the United States; and, in pursuance of said declaration, the said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, afterwards—to wit, on the 21st day of February, 1868, at the City of Washington, in the District of Columbia—did unlawfully, and in disregard of the requirements of the Constitution that he should take care that the laws be faithfully executed, attempt to prevent the execution of an act entitled, "An act regulating the tenure of certain civil offices," passed March 2, 1867, by unlawfully devising and contriving, and attempting to devise and contrive, means by which he should prevent Edwin M. Stanton from forthwith resuming the functions of the office of Secretary for the Department of War, notwithstanding the refusal of the Senate to concur in the suspension theretofore made by said Andrew Johnson of said Edwin M. Stanton from said office of Secretary for the Department of War, and also by further unlawfully devising and contriving, and attempting to devise and contrive, means then and there to prevent the execution of an act entitled "An act making appropriations for the support of the Army for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, and for other purposes," approved March 2, 1867, and also to prevent the execution of an act entitled "An act to provide for the more efficient government of the Rebel States," passed March 2, 1867; whereby the said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, did then, to wit: on the 21st day of February, 1867, at the City of Washington, commit and was guilty of a high misdemeanor in office.

On this Article the Senate—every member being present and voting—divided as follows:

Guilty: Messrs. ANTHONY of R. I., CAMERON of Pa., CATTELL of N. J., CHANDLER of Mich., COLE of Cal., CONKLING of N. Y., CONNESS of Cal., CORBETT of Oregon, CRAGIN of N. H., DRAKE of Mo., EDMUNDS of Vt., FERRY of Conn., FRELINGHUYSEN of N. J., HARLAN of Iowa., HOWARD of Mich., HOWE of Wis., MORGAN of N. Y., MORRILL of Me., MORRILL of Vt., MORTON of Ind., NYE of Nevada, PATTERSON, of N. H., POMEROY of Kansas, RAMSEY of Minn., SHERMAN of Ohio, SPRAGUE of R. I., STEWART of Nevada, SUMNER of Mass., THAYER and TIPTON of Nebraska, WADE of Ohio, WILLEY of West Va., WILLIAMS of Oregon, WILSON of Mass., and YATES of Ill.—35.

Not guilty: Messrs. Bayard of Del., Buckalew of Penn., Davis of Ky., Dixon of Conn., Doolittle of Wis., FESSENDEN of Maine, FOWLER of Tenn., GRIMES of Iowa., HENDERSON of Mo., Hendricks of Ind., Johnson of Md., McCreery of Tenn., Norton of Minn., Patterson of Tenn., ROSS of Kansas, Saulsbury of Del., TRUMBULL of Ill., VAN WINKLE of West Va., Vickers of Md.—19.

THE RESULT.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

The man who has done more than all others, unless in a pecuniary way, to secure this result, is Chief-Justice Chase. He decided the vote of Mr. Van Winkle. He did his utmost—happily in vain—to carry off Messrs. Anthony and Sprague. We doubt that Mr. Henderson would have voted as he did but for the Chief-Justice's exertions. Those exertions saved Andrew Johnson from the verdict which we feel that he has worked hard and successfully to deserve.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston at the MEIONAION on Wednesday, May 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. Messrs. WENDELL PHILLIPS, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, HENRY C. WRIGHT, AARON M. POWELL, WM. WELLS BROWN, REV. FRANCIS TIFFANY, JOHN T. SARGENT (and others to be announced next week), will address the Convention. The intensity of interests, moral, social, and political, involved in the present national crisis will undoubtedly bring together a goodly number of friends.

By order of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society. JOHN T. SARGENT, President.

CHAS. K. WHIPPLE, Recording Secretary.

THE TREASON.

NO MATTER what Mr. Justice Chase announces; THIRTY-FIVE Senators out of FIFTY-FOUR have pronounced President Johnson guilty. Poll the nation and seven out of every ten say Amen to that verdict. A technical rule of the Constitution—requiring a two-thirds vote—may save him his office; but the judgment of the Nation is recorded against him as a criminal. Thus far he leaves the Tribunal set to try him, free from any punishment but infamy. The only difference between this and conviction is that, convicted, he would have gone forth bearing his disgrace alone. By this, which men call acquittal, he drags half-a-dozen Senators down with him to infamy. Liberty knows nothing but victories. Our whole success, for thirty years past, has been fed by just such defeats as this. The annexation of Texas, the compromise of 1850, Kansas trampled in blood, Bull-run, the second election of Lincoln, his murder; all these seeming defeats were victories in disguise. The Traitors who plotted these "*successes*" were the only men who died by them. Polk, Seward, Pierce, Webster, Clay and their fellow conspirators all died by their own hands. In the light of such history we should read this hour. Men who walked then with proud scorn, now hang their heads in the pity or contempt of the world, and are objects of the special hate of the parties they led to ruin. Poor Pierce and Buchanan stood as vain-glorious and flattered, vaunting their "*consciences*" as loudly in days gone by as Trumbull and Fessenden do to-day. One may fancy those half-forgotten wretches, rising up from their living tombs at Lancaster and Concord, to cry out to these fresh comrades "Are ye too become like unto us?"—while Marshfield and Ashland, scorning such fellowship, proudly claim that, if they fell, they at least fell before temptations of a more decent level.

We care comparatively little for the results of this acquittal at the North. It only intensifies a little the atonement we deservedly pay for our long complicity with the slave power. A little more business prostration, a little more suffering by the laboring classes; and we have all richly deserved a hundred times as much. But when we think of the unsheltered heads of Southern loyalists, white and black; when we think of this Pacha of Assassins again let loose; of Andersonville re-opened; then, putting Fessenden and Trumbull's names side by side with the infamous ones of Lee and Davis and handing them down, blood stained, to the loathing of History, we cannot but remember that those arch fiends of Mississippi and Virginia were angered to that horrible revenge by the defeat of a great revolution which they had nursed for years. But these, their mean allies from Maine and Illinois, steep the South in murder, from motives which make even treason additionally contemptible. We beg pardon even of Lee and Davis for associating such despicable crime with theirs.

We never supposed Fessenden would vote for Impeachment. His associates long ago charged him with such shameless and greedy nepotism as shocked even the corruption of Washington; prostituting his high place to crowd hungry kinsmen into office. Whether this be true or not we have no means of knowing. But the Senator whose character was such that his comrades could even so suspect him, would, of course, be wholly unable to stand the pressure of an hour like this. Such a man's speeches are the last source we should resort to for a measure of his motives. We will read his argument the moment any man will show us the slighest reason for supposing that it had the least influence on his opinion.

We should always bear in mind that the treachery of these two men is amply sufficient to account for the Senate's action without our condescending to speculate as to their comrades; men of so little repute that journalists discuss the probability of there being actually bought with so much gold in open market.

This action of the Senate may naturally enough carry consternation into the Republican ranks. But as we never trusted that party we have no fresh cause for anxiety. Our work is plain enough: the old duty of showing the masses how little their leaders are to be trusted. This lamentable proof how weak and corruptible politicians are, how accessible to the lowest motives, must convince the most incredulous, that it is unsafe to trust *men*, and that it is indispensably necessary to grout, and cement into the constitution itself the citizenship of the negro, his right to the ballot, to education, to land, to the most exact equality, with the white race. Johnson convicted might have made us too trustful. It might have lulled us to the belief even that Trumbull was wise, Fessenden honest, and Senators proof against bribes. Instead of this, one Impeachment has succeeded, even if that against Johnson should fail. The Senate has impeached itself most conclusively. *Judex damnatur cum, nocens absolvitur.* The criminal unpunished condemns the judge. It remains to be seen whether the Republican party will prove its utter incompetency by failing to understand the hour. We wait to see whether Chicago comprehends that safety lies in GOING FORWARD. Warned by this most conclusive proof of party weakness, let that Convention give us a platform pledging to the negro, throughout the States, ballot, education and land—guaranteeing to the Southern white loyalist adequate protection against the assassins of the White House and of the Senate Chamber. Let it place upon that platform men whose past lives are the pledge that they will fulfil its promises.

The Senate has still means of defending itself. Has it the courage to use them? Meanwhile from a Chief Justice, debauched by ambition, whom, once before, the heroism of Margaret Garner could not rouse to duty, and whose age answering to his youth, neither the woe of the North or the blood of the South can lift out of selfish and vulgar ambition—from Senators, tools of feminine spite and brokers in patronage, the PEOPLE *appeal*—trusting henceforth in themselves, able to execute justice, to secure liberty and sure to stamp with lasting infamy the men who betray them.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

WE devote a large portion of our space this week to the proceedings of the Thirty Fifth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society which was held in this city on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. It is no unusual thing for Abolitionists to encounter a rain storm aniversary week, but the storm of Wednesday last was severer than usual. The attendance at the morning session was large, despite the storm, and in the evening larger than could have been anticipated upon an occasion when to attempt to hold a meeting at all seemed a forlorn hope. We refer our readers to the report, which so far as we are able to publish this week, embodies the welcome and interesting letters addressed to the Meeting by LUCRETIA MOTT, L. MARIA CHILD, and others; the excellent series of resolutions; and the addresses of Messrs CHARLES C. BURLEIGH and WENDELL PHILLIPS. In point of earnestness, and general interest the meeting was one of the best, as in the present state of public affairs, as pertaining to the welfare of the negro, it was one of the most important ever held by the Society. Among those in attendence, but too feeble in health, as a consequence of the many hard fought and victorious battles of past years, now to participate in the proceedings, was ABBY KELLEY FOSTER. Beside Col. Higginson and Mr. Phillips, one of the speakers on Wednesday evening was ANNA E. DICKINSON. In addition to her eloquent speech, Miss Dickinson made a generous contribution of THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS to aid the Society during the critical year before it in the prosecution of its important and indispensible work. We mention this that it may be an incentive to others to do themselves the favor of helping as generously in proportion to their ability to secure a complete triumph of impartial freedom in the hour of its continued peril.

The fresh illustration afforded by Messrs. Chase, Fessenden, Trumbull, and other Republicans, in their defection on Saturday last, of the unreliablity of *mere* politicans, to serve with fidelity the cause of the outraged and proscribed black race, when tempted by political ambition to betray it, should suffice to quicken every Abolitionist to renewed and increased efforts to so mould and direct public opinion as to make righteous retribution swift and sure upon all such treasonable apostates. The warnings, entreaties and denunciations of outspoken, uncompromising Abolitionism cannot be safely dispensed with while the liberty of the negro continues to hang in the balance, and Senatorial treachery, such as that of last week may be ventured upon with impunity. Nor is any fitting rebuke spoken by the so-called religious press, the popular churches and clergy in the presence of such political iniquity, such crime against humanity. Rally! then men and women, lovers of justice, and of freedom for a suffering, wronged and betrayed race, and by liberal contributions of your means strengthen the American Anti-Slavery Society for another year of vigilant and effective work, and by earnest and hearty effort help us to largely extend the circulation and consequent usefulness of our chief weapon, THE STANDARD.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE Senate, we infer, is likely to concur with the House in speedily opening the doors of Congress for the readmission of representatives from the South. We regard this action as premature, and as fraught with much danger to the welfare of all classes of Southern citizens. The conditions of self-government, especially with a scheming, treasonable Executive in the White House, do not yet exist at the South. To at once readmit the reconstructed States and withdraw direct Federal control, is to expose the South unnecessarily to renewed strife, violence and bloodshed, and to deprive its people of that stable, firm administration of affairs which only the general government, with a loyal Executive can give them.

When several weeks ago we announced the purpose of Chief Justice Chase to oppose impeachment, and to put himself in a position to accept a nomination for the presidency from the so-called Democratic party THE STANDARD was freely criticized and denounced for its rashness by sundry Republican journals, and we had numerous private remonstrances from friends of Mr. Chase. What have our critics to say now? We said what we did, and our Washington correspondents wrote of Mr. Chase, not merely for the sake of opposing him, but because we had good and sufficient evidence which foreshadowed his contemplated treachery. Blinded by a selfish political ambition he will fail to win the coveted prize of an election, should he succeed in in gaining the nomination by the Democrats on the fourth of July next, and will only succeed by his defection in completing with Webster and Seward, an illustrious trinity of modern political apostates.

We invite attention to a petition published in another column which asks for the enfranchisement of the women of the District of Columbia. We hope the petition may be numerously signed, not only by the women of the District, but by all friends of equal suffrage for women. The capital of the nation is a good place to inaugurate a broad, truly democratic government which shall practically recognize woman's equal citizenship.

SENATOR ROSS who has hitherto been the subject of severe criticism by our sagacious Washington correspondent "Asmodeus," has justified by his treacherous conduct the distrust which was expressed of his official integrity. If he embodies the element of conscience in his composition, the end of his Senatorial predecessor, and that of one Judas of an earlier period, will be significant subjects for his contemplation.

We remind our New England readers that the Annual New England Anti-Slavery Convention is to be held in Boston on Wednesday next, the 27th inst. The important crisis in national affairs through which we are passing will make the occasion one of unusual interest and importance. Among the speakers may be expected WENDELL PHILLIPS, FREDERICK DOUGLASS (probably), CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, REV. JOHN T. SARGENT, HENRY C. WRIGHT, STEPHEN S. FOSTER and others. Let the Abolitionists of New England rally to the Convention in large numbers and send forth their testimony for justice and impartial freedom with a distinct and an unerring emphasis.

Will Senators eject from their body the purchased allies of Johnson? This is a duty they owe to the Nation whose verdict they rendered by their majority vote of thirty-five. The consequences of allowing Johnson, by the union of usurpation and fraud, to administer the affairs of the Executive office from this to the fourth of March next, are too momentous to render it excusable or tolerable for Senators to desist at this juncture from further efforts to remove the White House obstruction. Too many lives are put in immediate jeopardy at the South, too much suffering will ensue, the demoralization of public opinion will be too great, the incentive to the adherents of the "lost cause," to renewed violence and bloodshed will be too strong if, from Senatorial timidity and corruption he be allowed to remain. We reiterate our demand, JOHNSON MUST BE DEPOSED.

Anniversary meetings of the Equal (Women's) Rights Association, the Peace Society, and of the National Temperance Society were held in this city last week. Among the speakers in the Equal Rights meeting were Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, Lucy Stone, Frederick Douglass and the Rev. Henry Blanchard, who delivered eloquent addresses.

The Peace Society held three sessions and was addressed by Alfred H. Love, Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, Charles C. Burleigh, Henry C. Wright, E. H. Heywood, Dr. H. T. Child, Dr. R. T. Hallock, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, Lucy Stone and others.

The National Temperance Society held its public meeting at the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening. Addresses, ably advocating the claims of Temperance, were delivered by the Hon. Neal Dow, Dr. Talmadge, and the Rev. Jas. B. Dunn.

The National Republican Convention is in session to-day (Wednesday) at Chicago. There has been no definite action, as we go to press, to indicate who will be its candidates, or what will be the character of its platform.

WE have on hand several communications and other matters of interests which we are compelled to defer for want of space.

THE ROLL OF INFAMY.

SALMON P. CHASE,
WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN,
LYMAN TRUMBULL,
JAMES W. GRIMES,
JOSEPH S. FOWLER,
PETER G. VAN WINKLE,
JOHN B. HENDERSON,
EDMUND G. ROSS.

PERSONAL.

Wendell Phillips delivered to a large audience at the Academy of Music in this city on Tuesday evening, the 12th inst., his eloquent lecture on "Daniel O'Connell."

"Founder's day," at Vassar college, Poughkeepsie, New York, the seventy-sixth birthday of Matthew Vassar, was celebrated on Wednesday, with public and appropriate exercises, at which an original cantata, "The Crown of Life," was performed.

Frederick Douglass will deliver the annual address before the students of the Indiana State University this year. Bishop Simpson was chosen orator and Mr. Douglass alternate. As the Bishop will be unable to be present, his place will be filled by Mr. Douglass.

Wm. Wells Brown will deliver his lecture, "The Origin and Early History of the African Race, at Shiloh Church (this city) next Wednesday Evening (27th inst.) for the benefit of the African Union (Methodist) Church at Rondout, N. Y.

Richard D. Webb, his son and daughter, of Dublin, and Miss Estlin of Bristol, England, were among the arrivals in this city by the City of Paris on the 17th inst. Except Mr. Webb's son, this is their first visit to this country, and we hope it may prove, as it doubtless will a pleasant one. Miss Estlin proceeded direct to Philadelphia. Mr. Webb will first visit Boston on leaving this City. It is his purpose to be present at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention and other anniversary meetings in Boston, next week. Familiar with his name as with a household word it will be a pleasure to Abolitionists to take him by the hand, and to warmly welcome him to this country, in the affairs of which he has for many years had a lively and an intelligent, interest.

Renan, the most radical of rationalists, is the most conservative of politicians. Gibbon said he disliked Christianity because it was an innovation on the old Pagan establishment. Renan, in a similar spirit, has recently published a work in which he contends that the reforms effected in France by the revolution of 1789 were evils, and that the redemption of France is to be found in a return to the old social and political inequalities of the monarchy. The Paris correspondent of the New York Times says, in reference to the book:

The volume recently published by M. Renan, under the title of "Questions Contemporaines," has provoked some sharp criticism from the Liberal press. In the preface he has given expression to political views which seem strangely at variance with his theological opinions. Thus he considers the French revolution of 89 a mistake, and looks forward to a remedy for the present evils of the country in the reestablishment of the law of primogeniture, of a hereditary nobility and of domainial property. He desires also the abolition of the civil code, which is based too much on the principle of equality, the return of woman to her former unequal and absolutely dependent condition; the reconstitution of classes, or

rather of castes, with an education appropriate to each, so that no one may be inspired with an ambition to quit his rank in life. He desires that the people shall learn to practice virtue, that they shall resign themselves to work for others, and habituate themselves to respect the "grave and learned men" who may design to take upon themselves the task of guiding them.

THE PLAINT OF THE FREEDMEN.

BY J. T. SARGENT.

A HYMN—L. M.

Written for the Thirty-Fifth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

But half redeemed, while yet in chains
To servile greed, and plots of ill,
We, hopeless, bend beneath the pains
Of fetters all around us still!

Despondent, suffering, in despair,
With subtle bondage o'er us cast,
We, heavenward, lift our earnest prayer!
Oh, when shall all our woes be past?

Ye *call us free*, but hold us *down!*
Ye *talk* of *rights*, but *do* us wrong!
Your *mercies*—marred by many a *frown*,
Deceive us! Ah! Too long, too long!

And will ye, thus, our FREEDOM dole?
Thus God Almighty's will resist?
Binding those shackles on the *soul*
Which ye have taken from our *wrist*?

Then look ye to your nation's weal!
For *God* is *just* though *we* are weak!
To his "*Right arm*" we now appeal
And, *through his love*—Redemption seek!

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, May 17th, 1868.

"Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord," was a proper injunction enough for those times of miracle in which it is said to have been used, in the Bible; but it is by no means suitable for "the new dispensation," in which men are required to "work out their salvation." The great chief cause of the failure of impeachment is not to be looked for in the bribery of a few unworthy members of the Republican party; the true cause of that calamity is the habit of the *majority* of that party to take things for granted—to wait instead of working—to make the absurd assumption that their opponents would supinely consent to their success. Abraham Lincoln was a conspicuous instance of the error and failure of this policy. He was always waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up. He postponed freeing the slaves as long as he possibly could, and then he carefully avoided taking the further measures necessary to make this one efficient and decisive. If he, taking the initiative in the name of the United States, as his duty required, had offered justice and friendliness as well as technical emancipation to the blacks, neither would the war have lasted half the additional time it did, nor would such complications have attended the work of reconstruction. On the contrary, he did only what "military necessity" compelled, and did even this with an air of reluctance; and when a friend wrote to urge stronger and more active measures, he replied, "Stand still, Dick, and see the salvation of God." His party, unluckily, have chosen to pursue this same policy; and thus it happens that the Democrats here got the chance of firing a hundred guns of triumph yesterday.

The vice of cruel treatment to the animals we use for labor and food has been so little cared for here that when, a few weeks ago, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was formed, it was found that no sufficient prohibition of sins of this kind existed in the statute book. An Act of the sort needed has now been passed by our Legislature. Section 1 forbids not only the cruel beating, torturing, or mutilation of animals, but the more common habit of overloading, overworking, overdriving them, and the failure to provide them with proper food, drink and shelter. Section 2 forbids the owner to authorize or permit the infliction of these cruelties by another. Section 3 forbids the working of an animal which, by reason of age, disease or accident is unfit for work. Section 4 forbids the carriage of animals in a vehicle to market or elsewhere in an unnecessarily cruel manner. Section 5 forbids the continuous confinement of animals in such transit-vehicles more than twenty-eight hours, and requires five hours of unloading for rest, food and water, after every such period of confinement in travelling.

The offences described in the first four of these sections are to be punished by fine, not exceeding $250, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both fine and imprisonment. The railroad company or individual who shall violate the rule in the fifth section is to be fined $100. It is made the duty of all sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, police-officers and constables to prosecute all violations of these acts which may come to their notice or knowledge; and when a fine is collected upon complaint or information of any officer or agent of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," such fine shall go to the treasury of the Society, in aid of the benevolent object for which it was incorporated.

Whether this Society will be able, or disposed to prevent the cruelties inherent in the practice of racing or trotting horses against each other, or against time, I know not; but something will be gained by the power to inflict punishment upon specially aggravated cases of such cruelty, such as the recent murder of two horses by gamblers on the road between this city and Worcester.

The customary weather of Spring continues here without mitigation. It was not *our* May, still less our April, or our March, that inspired Thomson to write

"Come, gentle Spring; ethereal mildness, come!"

We have had, thus far, only a few scattered half-days of warm weather; while most days have given us a steady continuance of east or north-east wind.

The mercury has been nearly down to the freezing point since the elm-blossoms came out; and the leaf-buds of the elm have scarcely swelled yet upon most trees. I suppose the birds generally do not build their nests until leaves have come to screen them. Neither do they usually refit an old nest. But I saw one of the exceptional cases about the middle of last week; a robin sitting upon an old nest, above one of the walks on the Common, on a branch unshaded by a single leaf.

NORTH.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1868.

A NATURAL degree of excitement prevailed in our city yesterday. Its intensity increased and culminated after the announcement of the vote on the eleventh article of impeachment. Crowds of people gathered in front of all the newspaper offices, and the list of names posted there was eagerly and repeatedly scanned. There did not appear to be much open comment at first, for the surprise and mortification of the people seemed for a time to fill them with stupefaction. They were reluctant to credit the amazing fact that stared them in the face. Their indignation was too intense for noisy expression, and the profoundest regret was everywhere apparent. There were scornful mutterings about "traitors," "apostates," "renegades" and "betrayers," and it was evident that wide-spread wrath, and a most relentless spirit of condemnation towards seven men had been suddenly engendered.

Conspicuously posted in the main window of the *Bulletin* office was a large placard, heavily bordered with inky lines, called "The Black List," and containing in plain letters, easy for all to read, the names of FESSENDEN, TRUMBULL, GRIMES, HENDERSON, FOWLER, VAN WINKLE and ROSS. The throng that surged up and down on either side of Chestnut street all the afternoon, beheld this roll of infamy, this list of renegades, apostates and betrayers, and the men bearing those dishonored names were most cordially disdained. The rankling scorn that riveted itself upon the faces of many, seemed to indicate that they secretly evoked

"Some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast these men."

Their treachery seems most foul, and to the mercy of their constituents, whose trust they have betrayed, and whose confidence they have outraged, let them be delivered.

Your Washington correspondent some time ago was correct in his suspicions then published, concerning the eleventh-hour recreant Ross, and the event of yesterday has justified his strictures. The belief prevails here, and is freely expressed, that this man Ross has been allured by the potent charm of a well known influence, and that the stigma of Judas blotches his character. This is too horrible to contemplate. It may be true of others in this "black list," and let us trust that the truth will be unveiled, and the guilty, grovelling reptiles, if any there be among them, may be speedily hurled from the seats which they disgrace. "Petitions sweetened with gold" have doubtless played their part in this business, and United States Senators, who are not supposed to be invulnerable, may have yielded to the seductive arts of basest corruption. Many here believe, as elsewhere, that some among these seven men in the "black list" have traded off their souls to the whiskey interest. If so, whiskey has thwarted impeachment. Alas! what a mighty power evil possesses!

Ross, I believe, is the successor of James H. Lane, whose remorse, which was the fruit of political recreancy, sought refuge in suicide. It is not at all probable that Ross will go forth and do likewise, for his treachery, his faithlessness, his crime is of such magnitude, as to indicate that he does not own conscience enough to give room for remorse.

The *Sunday Republic* of to-day, (published in this city), in the course of a long and excellent editorial, remarks: "The lesson of the crisis is urgent. HEREAFTER PUT ONLY RADICALS ON GUARD. Conservatism, which of old was cowardice, now blooms into treachery. We have lost again because we were not true to ourselves—because we feared to do the right. Let it be understood that for the future we have nothing to compromise, and will stand no compromising men."

When will all Republicans arrive at these conclusions? Verily, defeat and disappointment are remarkable teachers, and wonderful crystalizers of opinion. There will now be a general and vigorous waking up throughout the Republican party, and there will be more resolution, and perhaps more soul, in its action.

The article quoted from further says: "The past history of the country should have taught us that advanced Radicalism is safety, security and peace. Every Conservative scheme has been an abortion—every compromise a Pandora's box, bursting with unnumbered evils. Every disaster has come from the Conservative egg, and Conservative statesmen have been as invariable and pitiful failures as Conservative soldiers. * * * * * *

The adjournment over, without voting on the ten remaining articles or counts in the grand indictment, means fight, and fighting now means radicalism. Radical measures, and Radical men to carry them out, are all that now will save the Union party."

We can hope that the feeling and purpose thus manifested may not be exceptional. W.

THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE sixteenth annual Commencement of this institution took place recently. There were ten graduates, of whom three were from this State, two from Massachusetts, three from Pennsylvania, one from Ohio, and one from Iowa.

The valedictory address was delivered by Professor Emmeline H. Cleveland, M. D., occupying the chair of Obstetrics. Her remarks were brief, but pointed.

After a graceful exordium, Professor Cleveland said that the fear had ever been entertained by some who hold women in the highest reverence and esteem, lest their participation in the study and practice of medicine should tend to lessen their sense of delicacy and destroy that love of the pure and beautiful in nature and in life which constitutes one of the greatest charms of womanhood; but that she was loth to believe there is aught in in the study or practice of medicine to excite feelings of irreverence in any breast, or to disturb that nice sense of harmony and fitness which is the birthright of the good.

The feeling that places obstacles in the way of the culture and honorable employment of any human being, man or woman, she thought, was only the relic of a barbarous age, and must yield before the advancing idea of individual liberty.

She announced that the University of Zurich had already conferred the degree of doctor of medicine upon one woman, and that two others are attending lectures there, and also that an American woman (a graduate of the Philadelphia college) had, during the past year, not only visited freely in the hospitals of Paris, but been admitted to attend the lectures at l'Ecole Pratique.

The question of choosing a woman to fill a chair in the obstetric section of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, she said, was under consideration, and that the chief midwife of the Maternite Hospital would probably be elected." The present incumbent of the office is a woman. Dr. Cleveland informed her listeners that the first Cæsarian operation performed successfully in the United Kingdom was by an Irish midwife, Mary Donally, and that the great skill displayed in the operation, and in securing and dressing the wound, was especially noted, and regarded as proof that women may, when properly educated, become equal to whatever is necessary to be done. She reminded them that the court of assistants of the Apothecaries' Company decided recently that women should no be excluded from their examinations in arts; and that it was probable that this important concession would be followed by admitting them unreservedly to the medical examinations. She said this decision had been mainly brought about by Dr. N. Buchanan, an influential member of the court of assistants, which is the governing body. Dr. Buchanan is a considerable subscriber to the funds of the Female Medical Society and a member of a select committee recently formed "to promote the development of the Ladies' Medical College on a sound public basis." The college has now been in sucessful operation for four years. It has already become self-supporting, and has among its list of subscribers and friends the names of the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Houghton, Archbishop Manning, the Earl of Shaftesbury and others.

Dr. Cleveland then concluded her address by giving some sound practical advice to the young women of the graduating class. The facts above quoted show that what is called "Woman's sphere" is steadily extending in the right direction, and even the "Revolutionists" must be content with the knowledge that the scientific world is slowly, perhaps, but surely, confessing the ability of woman to take a practical part in the labors and studies that tend to elevate and succor humanity.

N. Y. Evening Post.

LITERARY.

THE RADICAL, May, 1868. Rev. S. H. Morse and Rev. J. B. Marvin, Editors. Boston: Adams & Company, Publishers. 25 Bromfield street.

We should like more frequently to enrich our columns with extracts from *The Radical*. But knowing that very many of our readers see that periodical we have refrained. The leading article of the May number is the Rev. Samuel Johnson's fine essay on NATURAL DEMOCRACY. We give the following extracts from this remarkable paper, the whole of which will repay careful study and is most emphatically worthy of its author. No pen has done more for true democracy in Church and State—no voice been truer than his during the whole of this generation's struggle for justice and liberty. Though his pulpit in Lynn, Mass., and the pages of *The Radical* give him a large audience, we wish he could be tempted to gratify thousands more, East and West, who are ready for his eloquent lessons and would be glad to see and hear him:

NATURAL DEMOCRACY.

" * * * I. It has always grown most by being resisted. And it would seem as if the more democratic a truth, the more it was set to overcome, that it might prove how much deeper this instinct is than any or all others.

Every truism now in a boy's mouth, moral or mathematical, battled its way down through theological or political men at arms. There was a time when the work of a geometrician was suppressed in France because it declared that the shortest distance between two points was a straight line. "Do you think me such an idiot as not to see your drift," said the censor—"that you refer to those who gain admittance to court by crooked ways?" Some years ago, in Austria, two books were condemned as heretical—the one on Trigonometry, because the science seemed to intimate a reference to the Trinity, which was not suffered to be discussed; and the other on the Destruction of Insects, because this science or art seemed to allude covertly to the Jesuits? But for the courageous zeal called forth in defence of the physical sciences from the time when the Church tabooed the whole subject and burned Villanova's body for belonging to a student of Nature—down to the preposterous efforts to silence geological results, or to warp them to the Mosaic mythology, what axioms of these sciences should we know to-day, except the most obvious, and these loaded down with superstitions?

The substance of every such truth lies in those universal uses of it, that had to be battled for. The value of that axiom of the shortest distance, for us, is stated in railroads and steamships. The old simple Trigonometry is transmuted into Coast Surveys. The innocent truisms threatened to bring in a practical science that should net with highways the spaces from mind to mind—and see that what is fitted to serve the whole should go to the whole. This is what the censors snuffed in a theorem, and hated in a triangle. Nobody had to die in defence of the position that a seed would grow into a plant, or that cattle will breed after their kind. But the meaning of these axioms to us lies written out in Agricultural Fairs, where every element of civilization brings its tribute to the nobility of man's primary relation to the soil. And what conflicts against contempt for labor, against intellectual despotism, against the dead weight of ignorance and superstition upon practical invention and skill, do these festivals of the Husbandman represent! The whole common sense of the century with its postulates in every science and its recognized rules of investigation, is the trophy of an overmastering gravitation of truth to the common mind. It is made up of the life-blood of heroes and martyrs. Born with our birth in us, how simple it seems! How could any age have done without it? Yet like the drop of water which holds electricity enough to make a thunder-storm, or like the mass of delicate snow-flakes which a child could carry—for whose condensation from vapor "an amount of energy was required sufficient to gather the shattered blocks of the largest stone avalanche, and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell"—every one of these axioms of our common sense represents a mighty concentration—a transmutation of resistance into help which cannot be estimated. The principles of political self-government into which a New England boy is born are strong with the triumphant sorrows of Giordano Bruno, and Roger Bacon, and Wiclif, and Huss, and Selden, and Sidney, and a host of heroes. Do not the strokes of those great iconoclasts resound in the blows of the pioneer's axe in our Western wilderness? Do we not find ourselves taking up at every new crisis, like the refrain of some old inspiring battle hymn, Milton's exhortation to the Parliament of his day? "Fear not the bugbear danger, that the timid politician thinks he sees. We ought to hie us from evil like a torrent, and rid ourselves from corrupt discipline, even as one would shake fire from his bosom!" This is but American common sense now. But with what a baptism have we been baptized into its present currency! What resistance has it not overcome in the people and their representatives! What resistance still upon this question of questions, whether or not Reconstruction shall retain the old poisonous leaven of social and political injustice! But the Democratic Instinct greatens by resistance. And its last achievement is to be greatest of all; taking the inveterate lie of three thousand years, to scourge the nations into eternal truth.

II. But not Hostility only—Help also bears witness to its sway. Greatness is but reaction to simplest ways. Confucius, Zoroaster, Moses were democratic, and appealed to the people. So was Socrates, in thought, if not in politics. Plato's aristocratic tendency was superficial: his thought grew from the Socratic root of Individual Inspiration, strictly the democratic idea. That Jesus taught the doctrine revealed to babes, is thought to distinguish him from all other teachers, and Christianity from all other Religions. So far from this being true, religious genius is that very thing, so to teach. Or do we think that millions of men have found content, for generation after generation, in Religions which yet were intended only to meet the wants of the few?

The three grandest voices that spoke out of the Ancient, the Middle, and the Modern Ages respectively, were Homer, Dante, Shakspeare. Homer's poems were the songs of wandering bards in Greek towns and camps, the most thoroughly popular poetry ever uttered. Dante wrote his Divina Commedia not in Latin, like other writers of his time, but in Italian, because, as he said, "the time had come when the culture of the liberal arts must begin with the people." It was the first great poem written expressly for them since Homer, and by the very next great poet. It summed up the Faith of the Middle Ages, and consecrated its best to future liberties, just as Homer concentrated the Faith of the Ancient World. It is of course a truism to say the same of Shakspeare and modern society. In the sweep of that mental orbit, who finds not the segment that intersects and floods his own?

This Democratic Appeal is the necessary law of all genuine power. But it must not be taken in any narrow sense, else it will not be recognized. All return to truth, frankness, simplicity, all grasp of universal moral or spiritual laws, all clear intuitive knowledge of man is essentially democratic, let it seem ever so remote and incomprehensible for a time. It may seem so, simply because it is truer to the public than the public are to themselves. The Seer is he who gets access by some deeper self-acquaintance or by more open eyes, to the universal mind and heart; but his commission to deliver others out of personal limitations into this open air is carried out only as fast as men are capable of recognizing their own genuine nature when presented in a true mirror. "When you cannot understand their ignorance," said Coleridge, of certain persons, "you may count yourself ignorant of their understanding." An Englishman reports of himself that after listening for the first time to Emerson, he said to his neighbor, "I wonder if we should not understand him better if we stood on our heads." He was undoubtedly right, in one sense; he needed intellectual inversion, though he did not know it. The third lecture righted him, and he went home in an ecstasy of self-acquaintance. He "understood every word!" He had been listening to sentences that will be indispensable household proverbs, that will be edited some day as the universal experience. Plato's thought and Fenelon's fervor meet at last the popular response. Mystic Tauler and cabalistic Jacob Boehme have their closet in every inmost soul, though it may take ages to reach the shrine. A great Preacher is he who makes this plain. Our Theodore Parker seemed born to teach that Truth was the people's Free College, where every man should find himself everywhere at home, and learn to melt her finest and rarest ores into popular uses and everyday currencies. The men who walked by themselves in their day seemed to prove that "to be great is to be misunderstood." Yet it is just these who are destined to demonstrate that to be great is to be understood.

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Such are a few select evidences that the historical destinies work with a purpose. This pure Democracy that will have its way even through bloody seas, has not come incidentally or lightly. To every person is gravitating the whole magnificent heritage of ages. And the Gospel of Events is—You cannot overestimate the individual, and you shall not disparage nor despise him: for all things are his, and come to him, because that Nature is his, from which all things have come. At last it is justified and divinized in its most unpromising form, in the image more marred than any. The negro slave judges the Saxon freeman; is proved competent to all liberties and all functions as they come. He shall not wait our convenience nor consult our prejudices; but be citizen, be voter, be whatsoever manhood means. It is in him that Democracy concludes her great argument—I take this least of men by your showing, and prove by him that wherever Man is, there are all things possible that have honored Manhood; I show you in him valor and loyalty, a piety, a fortitude, a patience and trust, a glow of faith in the present and the future, that put your petrified religion to shame, and your traditional creeds to school. I show you Inspiration again; the Living God felt once more closer than life, in the touch of Liberty, and this by the children of the Night, the little one among the Races. Our faith in institutions, our dependence on majorities, public opinion, established traditions, are abased before strong souls, in whom even slavery and utter friendlessness have not suppressed such innate loyalties and capacities. Man is not the creature of institutions. The private soul is greatest. It is for the citizen to accept this lesson of lessons, though it comes from a despised quarter. And the more because his own past experience has enforced it. He has been paying the penalty for slighting his individual insights and dignities, and for his moral and religious servitudes. Let no new generation of youths learn to serve the old gods of creed, tradition, moneyed interests, political organizations, or ecclesiastical institutions. If these idols are not already broken under the judgment wheels that have gone over us, it is plain that they are yet to be, when those wheels return to perfect their work. Let the young man refuse henceforth to merge his personality in any mass of men or things. To let his live ductilities and intensities be flattened out under the old triphammers of the political, mercantile or theological rolling mills, cut into strips of the market size, branded with the current names, and flung dead-cold into the warehouses for sale, is tenfold the shame and ruin it ever was before. The soul of the citizen is baptised in sacred blood. It is solemnized by holiest duties and trusts. And the children of the people must be prophets, or we perish, suffocated in the high pure air of liberty we have dared to enter in our pride.

Travellers in Africa tell us of the amazing size and vitality of the Mokwana Tree, lasting sometimes for thousands of years. No fire outside, no decay at the centre can destroy it. The bark is "stripped off again and again, only to be renewed. It may be boldly backed against a dozen floods. Cut it down, it will grow as it lies prone and bleeding. Every rootlet fifty yards from the trunk maintains its vigor. It would seem that the only way to exterminate it, is to destroy every layer by itself. For each has separate vitality, and is itself a genuine tree."

It is the symbol of Democracy; of what the ages have been preparing; of what we are commissioned, as rapidly as may be, to inaugurate, if we are to live at all. Every individual a vital rootlet—a self-sustaining layer of the Republican Tree.

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Moral Enthusiasm is the natural first fruit of democratic institutions. What shall not he believe possible, who inherits all the promises of time? Of what should he despair, whose daily conversation is with men whose love and reason are free to hear and to follow the best? Where an immediate appeal to the popular instincts is easy, what a sublime audacity truth acquires! Thus the advocate Berryer in his defence of Montalembert before the Star-Chamber Court of Louis Napoleon, dared reaffirm in plain terms the very declarations for which his client had been brought to trial on a charge of high treason. The act will be remembered as the last sign that France yet believed herself free. How much better that unflinching criticism and prophetic insistance of Wendell Phillips during the war became a Republic than the moral timidity of a President and Congress that waited for popular impulse, forgetting that they were under the necessity of controlling public opinion, and did not abdicate that function by refusing to lead on!

But if moral enthusiasm is the natural virtue of free citizens, what degree thereof should be unreasonable for us? For us, to whom fanaticism has been the bread of life and the path of salvation! For us, whose great triumphs run back to Washington at Valley Forge, to the solitary Printer in the upper room in Boston, to the Martyr at Harper's Ferry! For us who have been swept on our upward way against all probabilities, past all prophecies, by these days of God that are each as a thousand years! Surely nothing so becomes us as a divine passion for the right, an inability to feel doubt or dismay, a scorn of timid calculations, a lofty optimism that sees whatever is noble not as possibility, but as destiny—yet burns up the chaff of present resistance with unquenchable fire. We have been borne on God's wings, not by human feet. We ought to fly over pitfalls without touching them. We ought to pierce barriers without seeing them.

Has it taken so long to venture on impeaching a President? I am not sure but we ought to be bold enough to abolish the Presidency itself. Hesitate to give the negro the ballot? We ought to have courage to render it him on bended knees, and with dust on our foreheads! Argue whether it will do to let woman have equal political rights with man? Drop the word "male" out of your statute books rather, as silently as you can, and with a blush of manly shame!

To doubt the moral resources of the people, the adequacy of immediate supply to all demand, is to reject the whole meaning of these times. The human continent we are quarrying yields far richer returns than the mineral regions that so dazzle us. How much heroism we have had for the asking! It may be a question whether we should believe all men in a condition to be immediately trusted with the highest responsibility of the citizen. Universal franchise, on the instant, is perhaps little better than universal office-holding. But it is at least the necessity of the Republic to fit all its members for such duty. And I would ask those who begin with doubting the present capacity even of black loyalists who comprehend the crisis as well as themselves, and who are eagerly greeting the teacher—what hopes they can possibly entertain concerning the wretched mass of poor whites and demoralized rebels, whom peace is restoring to this Union. Is then the Republic committed beforehand to despair of the material it must work on? If there is anything that becomes us, and that our experience should inspire, it is to greet every chance for every race as a Godspeed for all.

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THE readers of *The Friend* will welcome in the May number another instalment of Mrs. Corbin's story—"Married." The interesting article on "Ralph Waldo Emerson," literally translated from the German of Herman Grimm, for this magazine, will also invite favorable notice.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK; *Or Hand-book of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools.* By W. Pembroke Fetridge. 309 pages. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is an excellent hand-book for travellers in foreign countries, aiding in the interpretation of the English, French, German and Italian languages. It is also valuable for American students.

THE TEMPERANCE DOCTOR. By Mary Dwinell Chellis. 370 pages. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

This a temperance story adapted to Sunday School and family reading. It graphically depicts the sad ravages caused by intoxicating beverages, and shows what one earnest soul may accomplish for that reform.

ALCOHOL: ITS NATURE AND EFFECTS. By Dr. Charles A. Story. 392 pages. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

This is a thoroughly scientific work, yet written in a fresh, vigorous, and popular style, in language that the masses can understand. It consists of Ten Lectures, carefully prepared, and is an entirely new work, by one amply competent to present the subject.

This book contains the lithograph prints of the human stomach, showing the effects of alcohol from health to death by delirium tremens. Price, 90 cents.

A Biographical Sketch of James Mott, by Mary Grew, with tributes from Wendell Phillips and others, a very neatly printed pamphlet of forty pages, has just been issued by Wm. P. Tomlinson, at No. 39 Nassau street. The sketch presents an outline of the life and career of an unselfish, conscientious, benevolent and noble man. It is finely written, and with the accompanying tributes, is a desired, fitting memorial. There are doubtless many among our readers who will desire copies, which may be obtained from this office. The price of the memorial is twenty-five cents.

HOOD'S FIRST LITERARY PRODUCTION.—IN the development of an author, the maxim is sometimes at fault which declares that "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." The first essay written for publication by Thomas Hood, the humorist, was on "The Plurality of Worlds."

RECEIVED.

THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE. By Henry W. Bellows. 454 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

JAMES MOTT. A Biographical sketch by Mary Grew, with Tributes from Wendell Phillips and others. 40 pp. New York: W. P. Tomlinson, publisher.

STEVEN LAWRENCE, YEOMAN. By Mrs. Edwards. 422 pp. New York: Sheldon & Co.

BRAKESPEARE; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A FREE LANCE. By the author of Guy Livingstone, &c. 148 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Westminister Review, for April New York: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

Harper's Bazar. An Illustrated Ladies Magazine of Fashions. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Harpers' Monthly Magazine, for June. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Galaxy, for June. New York: Sheldon & Co.

ENFRANCHISEMENT IN THE DISTRICT.

To the Friends of Equal Rights:

THE whole government of the District of Columbia is to be revised by Congress, by reason of the expiration of local charters within the next nine months.

A rare opportunity is thus presented to bring the enfranchisement of Woman to the attention of Congress and the country.

We urge you therefore to send in petitions as fast as possible, with all the signatures you can obtain. They should be sent to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, 394 North Capitol street, or to Prof. J. K. H. Wilcox, Ebbitt House, Washington, D. C., who will acknowledge their receipt and attend to their presentation.

FORM OF PETITION.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:

The undersigned —— of the —— of ——, in the tate of ——, respectfully petition that in your revision of the government of the District of Columba, you will protect the women of the District from being debarred the exercise of their rights of suffrage.

By the Committee.

It is recommended by the committee that women's names appear on a separate sheet.

DIED.—After a short illness, on the morning of the 12th inst. at his residence in Upper Darby, near Philadelphia, Abraham L. Pennock, in the 82d year of his age.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 9, 1868.

To Wheeler & Wilson, of New York:

SIRS: The Department has received ONE GOLD MEDAL awarded to your firm on Sewing and Buttonhole Machines, at the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867.

Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

THE Twentieth Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at the usual place, near Waterloo, N. Y., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 3d, 4th, and 5th days of June next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

A cordial invitation is extented to all, of whatever name or connection, who are interested in the great themes of growth and progress for man; all, especially, who are looking hopefully for the better day of Light and Freedom and broad human Religion, which we trust is at hand, to be present and join with us in our deliberations.

Able and instructive speakers have been invited and are expected to attend, among whom are the following: Dr. LYDIA A. STROWBRIDGE, AARON M. POWELL, LUCY STONE, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, CHARLES D. B. MILLS, GILES B. STEBBINS and GEO. W. TAYLOR.

Music by JOSHUA HUTCHINSON.

Communications for the meeting may be addressed to PHEBE E. DEAN, Waterloo, N. Y.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

WATERLOO, N. Y., May, 1868.

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association (which was organized at the Convention in Horticultural Hall in Boston last May) is to be held in Boston on the 28th and 29th of this present May.

The meeting will begin on Thursday, the 28th, at 3 P. M., with a session for business (the election of officers, hearing of reports, etc.,) at the Parker Fraternity Hall, 554 Washington street.

On Friday, the 29th, there will be a Convention with three sessions, in Tremont Temple. The morning session will be devoted to a general consideration of the great religious problems of the time—speakers being engaged from as wide a range of religious sympathies and thought as it is possible to find persons of different religious views who are willing to stand together on the free, broad platform of the Association. The afternoon session will be given to free discussion on the question of Religious Organization, Worship, Cultus—the subject to be introduced by a Report on the present condition and tendencies of society in this respect. In the evening the topic for addresses and discussion will be the Relations of Religion to Philanthropy and Social Reforms—to be introduced likewise by a Report.

Arrangements are in progress for procuring an excellent list of speakers for the occasion; concerning which further particulars will be announced in the daily and weekly papers near the time. It is believed that the meeting will be of great interest and value, and it is hoped that it will be attended by persons who are interested in the objects it proposes, from all parts of the country.

WM. J. POTTER, Secretary.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

THE Sixteenth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will convene in Longwood meeting-house, near Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa., on Fifth day, the 4th of Sixth month, 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M., and continue three days. The friends of "pure and undefiled religion"—the religion of humanity—whatever may be their theological views or their denominational relations, are cordially invited to participate in all the duties, privileges and pleasures of the occasion; to unite with us, not in "doubtful disputations" of creed and ceremony, but in the discussion of the living, practical, vital questions of the time, and in devising ways and means for a higher moral and spiritual culture, and for the universal dissemination of those principles of justice, purity and progress which find their best illustration in the teaching and example of Jesus of Nazareth. It is our aim to secure the highest advantages of religious association and fellowship, avoiding the narrowness of prescribed creeds and forms, and the petty ambitions and conflicts of sects. Accepting gratefully all of truth that has been revealed through the prophets and teachers of the past, we desire to keep our minds and hearts ever open to fresh manifestations of the Divine Will, believing as we do that God is as near to his children in this as he was in any past age, and that it is no less our privilege than it was that of men of the olden time to be quickened and led by the direct illuminations of his Spirit. It is our object to apply the truth, whether new or old, to every institution, law and custom of society, to the end that all unrighteousness and injustice may be abolished, and the will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Strangers who feel attracted to a religious society like this are assured of a welcome not only to the meeting but to the homes of Progressive Friends.

Persons wishing for board and lodging are informed that they may find what they seek in the village of Hamorton, a short distance from the meeting. They should leave the cars at Fa rville station.

Henry Blanchard, pastor of the Independent Universalist Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., is engaged to be present; and strong hopes are entertained of the attendance of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, J. L. Corning, pastor of the Congregational Church in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and other able speakers.

Persons wishing to communicate with the meeting by letter, should address Oliver Johnson, Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa.

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**The Cars of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad leave West Philadelphia for Longwood and vicinity every day at 7:15 A. M. and 4:50 P. M.

Special Notices.

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LOUIS NAPOLEON, hitherto the carrier of our paper in this city, will act as our Agent, and receive subscriptions and advertisements on account of THE STANDARD.

NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCIBERS.

THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subcribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subcribers within the city limits.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subcribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. DAVIS,
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THE BLUE-BELL.

THERE is a story I have heard,
A poet learned it of a bird,
And kept its music, word by word:

A story of a dim ravine,
O'er which the towering tree-tops lean
With one blue rift of sky between;

And there, a thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day, with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky,
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And through the darkness, night by night,
A gleaming star would climb the hight,
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,
The rising of its favorite star,
A change came to the simple flower.

And softly o'er its petals white
There crept a blueness, like the light
Of skies upon a summer night;

Then, in its chalice, as I'm told,
The bonnie bell was found to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold;

And blue-bells of the Scottish land
Are loved on every foreign strand,
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.

Now, little people, fond and true,
I read a lesson here for you,
Within the floweret's bell of blue:

The patient child, whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high,
Shall take their image by and by.

J. A. E.

Springfield Republican.

AFRICAN FASHIONS IN HAIR.

ON my arrival at Igoumbie I had noticed how curious the head-dresses of the women were, being so unlike the fashions I had seen among any of the tribes I had visited. Although these modes are sometimes very grotesque, they are not devoid of what English ladies, with their present fashions, might consider good taste; in short, they cultivate a remarkable sort of chignons. I have remarked three different ways of hair-dressing prevalent among the Ishogo belles. The first is to train the hair into a tower-shaped mass, elevated from eight to ten inches from the crown of the head; the hair, from the forehead to base of the tower, and also that of the back part up to the ears, being closely shaved off. In order to give shape to the tower, they make a frame-work, generally out of old pieces of grass cloth, and fix the hair round it. All the chignons are worked up on a frame.

Another mode is to wear the tower, with two round balls in the hair, one on each side above the ear. A third fashion is similar to the first, but the tower, instead of being perpendicular to the crown, inclined obliquely from the back of the head, and from the front of the head is clean shaven almost to the middle. The neck is also shorn closely up to the ears. The hair on these towers has a parting in the middle and on the sides which is very neatly done. The whole structure must require years of careful training before it reaches the perfection attained by the leaders of Ishogo fashion. A really good chignon is not attained until the owner is about twenty-five years of age.

It is the chief object of ambition with the young Ishogo women to possess a good, well-trained and well-greased cover for the hair of the kind that I describe. Some women are far better dressers of the hair than others, and are much sought for—the fixing and cleaning of the hair requiring a long day's work. The woman who desires to have her hair dressed must pay the hair-dresser or must promise to perform the same kind office to her neighbor in return. Once fixed, these chignons remain for a couple of months without requiring to be re-arranged, and the mass of insect life that accumulates in them during that period is truly astonishing.—*Du Chaillu.*

A SNUFF-LOVER'S WILL.

A writer in *Chambers Journal* tells this story:

"Dame Margaret Thompson's last will and testament was something unique. It set forth that, as it was usual to put flowers into the coffin of departed friends, and she had never found any flowers so fragrant and refreshing as the precious powder, her trusty servant Sarah was to take care her body was covered with the best Scotch snuff. Six men, the greatest snuff-takers in the parish, were to carry her to the grave; and the half dozen old maids selected to act as pall-bearers were to be supplied with boxes of snuff wherewith to refresh themselves on the road. The officiating clergyman was to be paid four guineas upon condition that he walked with the procession, and 'took a certain quantity, not exceeding one pound,' of the same. Sarah's legacy depended upon her carrying out the wishes of the testatrix—strewing the threshold of the house in Boyle street with two bushels of snuff, and walking before the corpse for the purpose of distributing 'every 20 yards a large handful of Scotch snuff to the ground and upon the ground.' Lastly, to every legacy bequeathed by Dame Thompson was attached a gift of one pound of 'the grand cordial ot nature.' The sex 'added a foil to every obvious grace,' down to the days of the Regency; Queen Charlotte herself was a dear lover of a pinch, and kept her box well filled with best Spanish or violet Strasburg mixed with green tea; and, of course, as long as the first lady in the land set such an example, fashion saw nothing unladylike in feminine snuffing."

OLD FOLKS IN NORMANDY.—In the provincial districts of France one cannot fail to be struck by two equally noticeable facts in the families of the peasants; children are brought up with excessive indulgence; old people are proportionably neglected. This state of things has its exceptions. I have known working mothers who were able to make their children obey them, and I possess among my poor people some few ancient friends whose sons and daughters surround them with all tender care. But, generally speaking, among our peasantry, the two facts I have named always coexist; for spoilt children who are neither respectful nor obedient in their youth are not likely to become so in ripe years. In our Normandy, when parents are no longer fit for work, it is customary for them to divide any small property they may have among their children, and then to go and live with one of these upon a sort of pension, to which the others contribute, the amount and payment of which small pittance the magistrate often has both to decide and enforce. The poor old folks, thus completely stripped of their possessions, languish forlornly in the chimney-corner. Often I meet them, dragging themselves feebly and solitary, up and down the orchard which is attached to almost every Norman cottage, or else put in charge of a troop of indocile, rude children, who torment them unceasingly. Continually I have said to myself, "Why cannot our peasants be taught the duty of taking care of their aged parents? or, why, at least, is there not some asylum for poor old men and women?"—*Macmillan's Magazine for January.*

Our Foreign Correspondence.

ROME, ITALY, March 28th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR: We left Florence on the evening of the 19th of Februrary, and after a journey of a night arrived in Rome early the following morning. All along the route I had formed my ideas of the "Eternal City" about which I had read and heard so much, and I need not add that they were enthusiastic ones. And when, on looking from the window of the railway carriage I caught a first glimpse of St. Peter's, looming up grand and majestic in the distance, I experienced in all their intensity those sensations which only they can feel who for the first time gaze upon Imperial Rome. On leaving the railway station to proceed to the hotel, our way lay through several narrow and dirty streets, and as we passed rickety old houses, mean shops, and the usual accompaniment of beggars, my impressions were materially modified, and it was only when in our onward drive we came suddenly upon some old arch or crumbling ruin, standing erect and grim in the midst, as it were, of the houses, that I banished the feeling of disappointment which was beginning to overshadow the other and better ones.

We came to Rome in the height of the "Carnival," and every day during its continuance (except Fridays and Sundays) a lively scene could be witnessed in the Corso, which is the fountain head of this festival and where all the sports connected therewith reach their climax. The "Corso" is the principal street of modern Rome. It is a mile long, narrow, and lined with shops, private and public palaces, a few private houses, and widening now and then into a square or piazza (as they are called in Italy) in which stands some old column or obelisk, transported from its first foundations by some one of the Popes, to adorn the squares of the modern city. The Carnival commences on the 25th of February and finishes on the Tuesday preceding Ash Wednesday, but as the last Monday and Tuesday are the best days, I will endeavor to give you a description of the scene in the Corso, on Tuesday afternoon, the closing hours of the "Carnival." By two o'clock in the afternoon all the balconies in the Corso (and their name is legion, for almost every house or shop has one or more) were crowded with ladies of all countries, American and English predominating, while the street below was filled with a motley crowd of foreigners, Italians and soldiers. On the steps of the churches, high door steps, or any prominent point from which a view of the proceedings could be had, chairs were placed, which were in charge of ugly old women and worse looking men, who let them readily for the modest sum of five cents. All the balconies were draped with red and white cloth, which, blended with the dresses of the ladies, added much to the effect. The excitement, or, technically speaking, the *fun* of the Carnival, consists in a continual pelting of each other with bonbons. The ladies in the balconies hail bonbons on those below and they return the fire with vigor. Bands of adventurous young men, dressed in fantastic costumes, hire carriages, and filling them with bonbons and bouquets, drive along the street, thereby drawing down upon their devoted heads shower after shower of bonbons from the balconies. But the young men are equal to the occasion. With great dexterity they toss up bouquets to the ladies, and receive bonbons and other bouquets in return; they are pelted on every hand, but they hold their own and keep up a steady fire on their assailants. Squads of ragged little boys cling to the carriages and rush in and out among the wheels, to scramble for the bouquets which miss the hands for which they were intended. Dogs bark, people shout, and above all rises the cry of the bonbon sellers, who stand at convenient intervals along the Corso, which they deal out by the pound to the never slackening stream of customers.

Among the carriages in the streets were great carts or vans, full of girls and women, some of them disguised as men, and such a flood of bonbons was poured into and out of these carts, that the air about them seemed filled with bonbons and bouquets. Sometimes, if a carriage was stopped for a few moments, it would commence skirmishing with another carriage in front, or with a party of ladies in a balcony, and the battle growing fiercer and fiercer, the latter would suddenly empty down upon the carriages a whole bag full of bonbons, which act would cause a great roar of laughter from the spectators, and the ladies would be declared victors. Everybody wears a fine wire mask to protect the face, and so no injury is done to anybody. Everybody pelts his neighbor and everybody keeps his temper. Stout old gentlemen and grave dames who would on ordinary occasions scorn to be frivolous, have caught the Carnival fever, and they stand beside their sons or daughters in the balconies, or struggle along the streets, entering into the fun with all the zest of youth. And so the sport goes on, and people seem to have forgotten everything but bonbons and bouquets, when suddenly, at half past four, the trumpets sound and a detachment of dragoons begin to clear the street, for the horse race which takes place at five. How they managed to clear the street, or how the horses went through the race without knocking somebody down, was a mystery to me then and yet remains so. The carriages commence to disappear, and the crowds in the street jam themselves into compact masses on both sides of the way, while the dragoons, having gone the length of the Corso, return at a headlong gallop up the street again to the other end, in the Piazza del Popolo, from whence the horses are to start. A few moments more and a gun fires, and through the crowd runs a murmur. The horses are off! Down through the lines of people, the whole length of the Corso, they dash along; riderless, as perhaps you know, and with shining ornaments upon their backs and little darts and spikes dangling at their sides to goad them on. Now they are abreast of you; in a second they are gone, for they seem to fly. This is the crowning moment of the Carnival; the rattle of the horses hoofs on the pavement, the noise of the cannon, the shouts of the multitude, the clapping, screaming and yelling which resound all along the line, baffle description. Another gun fires; it announces that the horses have plunged into the carpet stretched across the lower end of the Corso to stop them, and the race is over. At dusk commenced the last sport of the Carnival. It is called "Moccoli" signifying "The Candles." The ladies in the balconies, the crowds in the street, and the heroes and heroines of the wagons and carts exchange their bonbons and bouquets for little tapers which each person holds aloft above his head and tries to keep burning while his neighbor as industriously endeavors to put it out. Thus there is a continual pushing and jostling and whisking of handkerchiefs with which to put out the lights. The ladies are generally most fortunate in keeping their lights trimmed and burning, for they are up so high that it is difficult to get at them. However, the young men in the carriages affix great pieces of cloth to long poles and thrust them with great vigor and skill into the balconies. Sometimes they are successful and the discomfitted fair ones are plunged in darkness, and sometimes again they are signally defeated and their cloths torn from the poles amidst the derisive shouts of the lookers-on. Those in the wagons and the people in the street also made use of fine gravel which they threw upon the lights with great effect. Now and then some daring individual, holding high his taper would plunge along through the crowd, defying all their attempts to extinguish it. The boys would clutch at his arms, the ladies would throw down gravel, those in the wagons would whisk at it with their cloths, but all in vain. With an arm of iron which yielded not, the bearer of the taper overcame all adversaries and finally disappeared in some alley or courtyard, to take breath and prepare for another sally. And so the tiny lights, like so many myriads of fire-flys flit up and down in the air, when suddenly, there is the report of another gun and the Carnival is over. It literally goes out like a candle. It has given to Rome many days of fun and frolic, and let us hope that next year it will return, and be celebrated under better auspices than at present. The next day following the close of the Carnival was Ash Wednesday, and hearing that in the morning, at the Sixtine Chapel in the Vatican, the Pope was to go through the ceremony of distributing ashes to the Cardinals, I thought it a very good opportunity to see His Holiness, and accordingly determined to go. The service was to commence at half-past ten, but although our party went very early, still we found the doors already open and a large number of ladies and gentlemen about the entrance, pushing, struggling, and almost fighting their way in. The Swiss Guard of the Pope, who were on duty both inside the chapel and out, worked hard to maintain order, but with rather indifferent success, for many of the ladies (I hope I shall be forgiven when I say they are not always the most gentle beings on such occasions) insisted on crowding and of course, had their way. The chapel was soon filled, for it is small, and then people began to settle themselves and get as comfortable and convenient a seat as possible. I say *seat*, but should add that they were for the ladies only, but if the gentlemen were obliged to stand, nevertheless they had the best places, for they were close to the railings of the altar, while the ladies were limited to a space much farther behind, and from which a good view of the proceedings could not be had. The ladies were all dressed in black silk with lace veils upon the head (for bonnets are rigorously forbidden) and gentlemen appeared either in uniform or evening dress. After the lapse of about half an hour, a fluttering and agitation was observed near the entrance. It was occasioned by the arrival of the Cardinals who came in one by one, richly dressed in purple, having a covering of lace reaching to the waist, and with splendid ermine capes which gave them a very regal appearance. Each Cardinal carried his red hat in his hand while on his head was a skull cap of the same color, and each was followed by an attendant who held up his robes and train. When they were all seated in two rows, on either side of the altar and facing each other, they presented a very novel and rather imposing spectacle. They reminded me of the old pictures that one sees in galleries or ancient palaces, representing the trials of heretics, with the Cardinals and other high dignitaries of the church sitting in rows and acting as judges. The Cardinals seem to be a very jolly set of old gentlemen, and as they sat waiting for the Pope, they enjoyed themselves laughing and talking and looking at the crowd of unbelievers in the background. One or two among them, more devout than the rest, took out little books which they appeared to read with great earnestness. They were decidedly the exceptions, however, who read their books. At last, a private door at the side of the high altar was thrown open, and the Pope, preceded and followed by a procession of soldiers, retainers, servants, priests and monks, made his appearance. Before all came a little boy, bearing a huge crucifix, which was too heavy for him and which he managed with difficulty. On his head the Pope wore a large conical-shaped hat similar to those worn by Bishops, and his dress was of red satin with abundance of lace and other adornment. Over his shoulders was thrown a mantle richly embroidered with gold. His Holiness having been conducted to a sort of throne and having taken his seat (at which act five priests assisted, two to arrange the Pope's dress, two to take hold of his arms, and one to take off his hat, after he was fairly seated), the service commenced. First, the Cardinals came up one by one, and kneeling before the Pope, kissed his ring which he wears on the third finger of his right hand. After them, all the bishops the abbes, the chanting of the choir, composed of the most beautiful voices. The Cardinals then went in the same manner again before the Pope and knelt before him while he sprinkled ashes on the top of their heads. After this came more chanting and more prayers and then some really beautiful singing, with which the ceremony closed, after having lasted two hours and a half. I confess I was very tired after standing for so long, and after having one good look at the Pope, I would willingly have retired. The Pope himself is a benevolent-looking old man, with a very sharp eye, and he appears to be quite vigorous for a man of his years, as he is seventy-six.

E. Q. P.

MECHANISM OF THE HUMAN HAND.

Even a philosopher is overwhelmed with astonishment when he reflects with any degree of attention on the mechanical structure of the hand. In the first place the frame-work of the organ, the bones entering into the composition of that member, is a master-piece of aggregated contrivances, which throw into the shade the most perfect contrivances of man in point of combination and efficiency.

From the shoulder to the tips of the fingers there are thirty-two distinct bones, curiously articulated one with another, which could not be imitated with any expectation of success, viz.: one shoulder-blade; one collar-bone; one arm-bone; two in the fore-arm; eight in the carpus, or wrist; five in the palm of the hand; two in the thumb; and twelve in the fingers. Next, to move those thirty-two bones in all the directions they were designed to act, there is a perfect labyrinth of delicate cordage, which, when separated and distinctly displayed, show that there are forty-six muscles—and some anatomists make more—to extend, to bend, turn, clench, unclench, nip, squeeze, and make all the movements which we can give the arm and hand by simply willing to do so.

But in order that the mind may hold positive control over those thirty differently formed bones by the forty-six muscles, of which no two are alike, there are long nerves running like telegraphic wires from the arm-pit to the smallest fibre of every muscle. From the plexus in the axilla, or armpit, the nerves hold communication, through the intervention of other nerve-threads, with the brain. One set of nerves, or rather telegraph cords, convey messages to the fingers, and another set send back word to the brain of the reception of the order and how business is transpiring.

Besides all these complications, to nourish and keep the several parts vitalized there are arteries, veins, lymphatics, absorbents, exhalent tubes and tissues almost beyond enumeration, to keep the whole in working order. And when in good condition what power it exerts! It conveys an ineffable language, which even brute animals understand. It menaces, invites, repels, or gives character and grandeur to the expressions of an orator. It is a hammer, a vice, a punch, a wrench, a lever, a pry, a force, and a mighty power by which the pyramids were reared, cathedrals called into being from the hardest quarries; and all that is amazing, surprizing, delicate, or calculated to advance civilization in art, literature and science, is accomplished by those wonderful instruments—human hands.

ALL LIVE FOR EACH.

To make a single nail requires a forge,
A fire, an avil, bellows, and a master;
A drop of rain requires a cloudy heaven,
A single rose requires the whole wide earth,
The sun, the powers of Nature all combined,
Though but a moment, and as in mere play.
To make a man takes the whole spirit realm,
To make one child, takes the whole human race
Up to the first creation-day of time,
When that primeval power, that old Master,
Sat there aglow, and coined the creatures fair
In heavenly fire, in the magic work-shop.
This is no dream, no fable, but cool truth.
Then freely breathe, heart, well nigh stifled now
In yearning pains at sight of all that flood
And pomp of beauty! Thou, too, art—art one
Of the divine creations, bearing still
A holy kindred to those wonders all.
For thee, too, is the universe, and shines
As truly, steadfastly, and gloriously
As the blue heaven, for each, yet all for thee!
So wholly thine, as if 'twere thine alone!
The little green-finch in his slender nest,
Claims a whole wood for his; the little rose,
The loveliness of suns, and the whole sun,
With all his power—And thou, and thou, dear man,
Thou by thy thought and feeling hast them all,
The entire spirit-realm. Behold, amazed,
The power that, magic-like, bequeathed its house
To a thousand children, ... and the whole to each!

From the German of Leopold Schefer.

THE SUN THE SOURCE OF METEORITES.

CONSIDERING the number (some hundreds) of aerolites which the earth encounters, meeting them at all points of its orbit, indiscriminately, in the year, and that the uniformity of the mineral composition of meteorites implies a similar unity in their origin, the body most probably to be regarded as the native source of meteorites, both from its dimensions and from the central position which it occupies in the solar system, is evidently the sun itself, or at least, that portion of matter closely enveloping the sun, which reflects to us its light, and which presents to us in the twilight the appearance of a zodiacal light. Professor Brayley has inferred that the incandescent aeriform matter, which, rising in torrents from the nucleus of the sun, produces the phenomena of the solar spots by piercing through its envelopes, consists of the elementary substances, principally metals, including those characteristic of meteorites, which Kirchoff, by means of the spectroscope, has discovered to exist, in the gaseous form, in the solar atmosphere. These, he also infers, are condensed into masses of the nature of bubbles, but of enormous magnitude, which, suffering further condensation, become the particles of the zodiacal light from which they are projected in the form of what he terms, "meteoric masses," subsequently to become meteors and meteorites. Professor Brayley has supported these views by the "structural characters of meteorites are those of bodies which have been originally condensed from heterogeneous vapors—the mingled vapors of uncombined elementary substances variable in their nature, and requiring different temperatures for their maintenance in the gaseous form, but all existing originally at a very high temperature." In the absence of any evidence that we possess to the contrary, it is reasonable to suppose that the material particles which compose that envelope should, like the sun, have a certain uniformity of composition, and that at least some among them may have some tangible size. They may also be situated at as great a distance from the sun as the earth itself. Microscopical test applied by Mr. Sorby to the stony crystals found in aerolites, strongly favor the opinion that they have been repeatedly broken up and metamorphosed by partial fusion, and that they were originally consolidated from a state of vapor;—all of which are conditions of matter, supposed to exist most eminently in the immediately neighborhood of the surface of the sun.—*Edinburgh Review.*

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. The thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth white sand which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth and error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow-moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.—*Phrenological Journal.*

THE Essex (Mass.) *Statesman* asserts that a boy in South Danvers wrote the following composition upon his native town, which it thinks is very good for a school-boy:

"South Danvers is in the United States. It is bounded by Salem and reaches to Middleton. Its principal river is Goldthwaite's brook, which empties into Salem Harbor. Its principal productions are leather, onions, the South Church, and George Peabody. South Danvers has many religious sects, among which are the Orthodox, who worship their meeting-house, the Universalists, who worship their minister, the Spiritualists, who worship everything, and the Unitarians, who worship nothing."

FAITH WORKING BY LOVE.—All true and lively faith begets love; and thus, that heavenly light is the vehicle of heat. And as, by this means, true faith has a tendency to the practice of obedience, so all true obedience depends upon faith, and flows from it. But it also proceeds from love, because faith first produces love, and then works by it. All knowledge of mysteries is vain and of no value, unless it have an influence upon the affections, and thereby, upon the whole conduct of life. The luminaries of heaven are placed on high; but they are so placed, that they may shine, and perform their periods, for the benefit of this earth.—*Leighton.*

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Life, sunshine and desire,
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And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

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